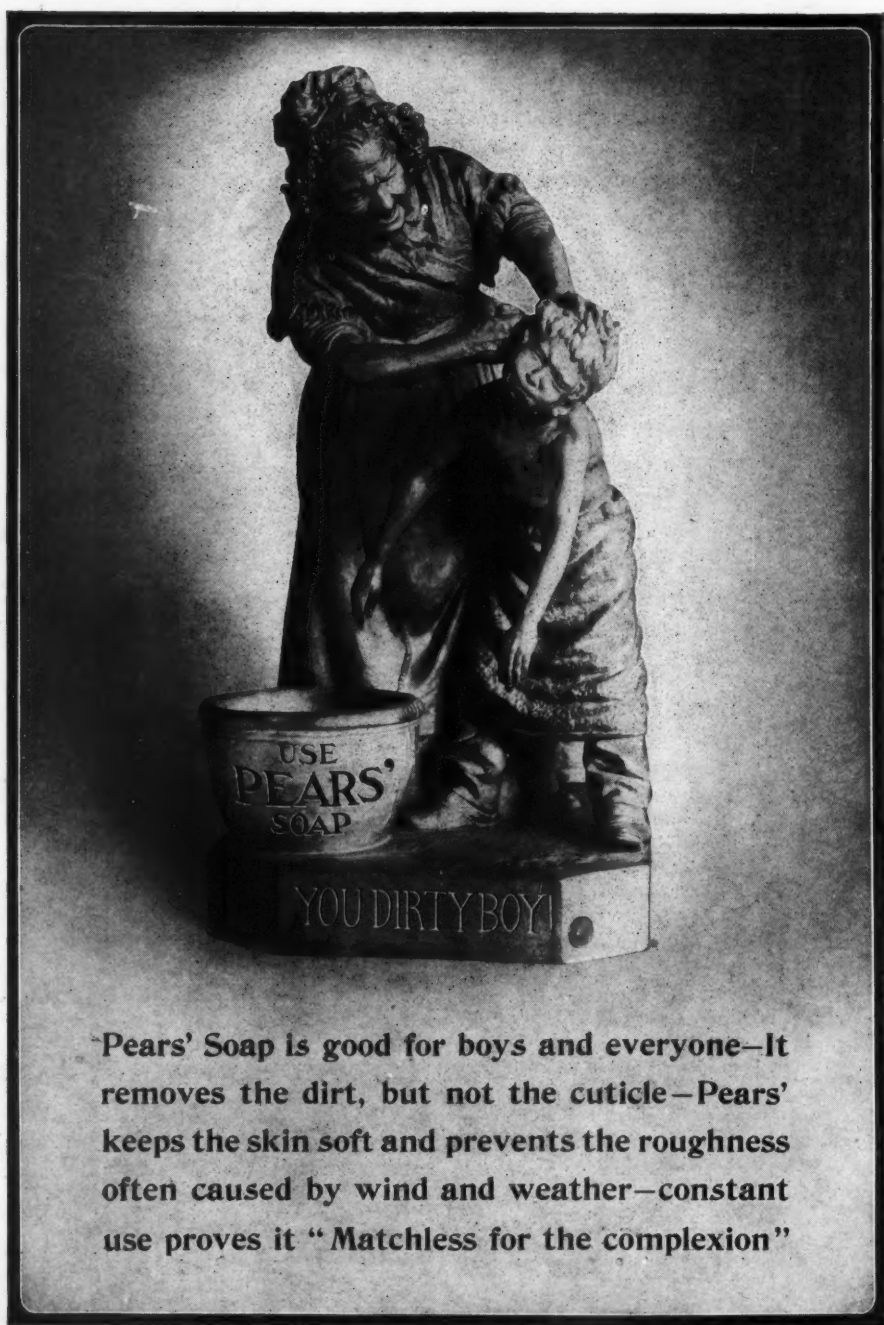


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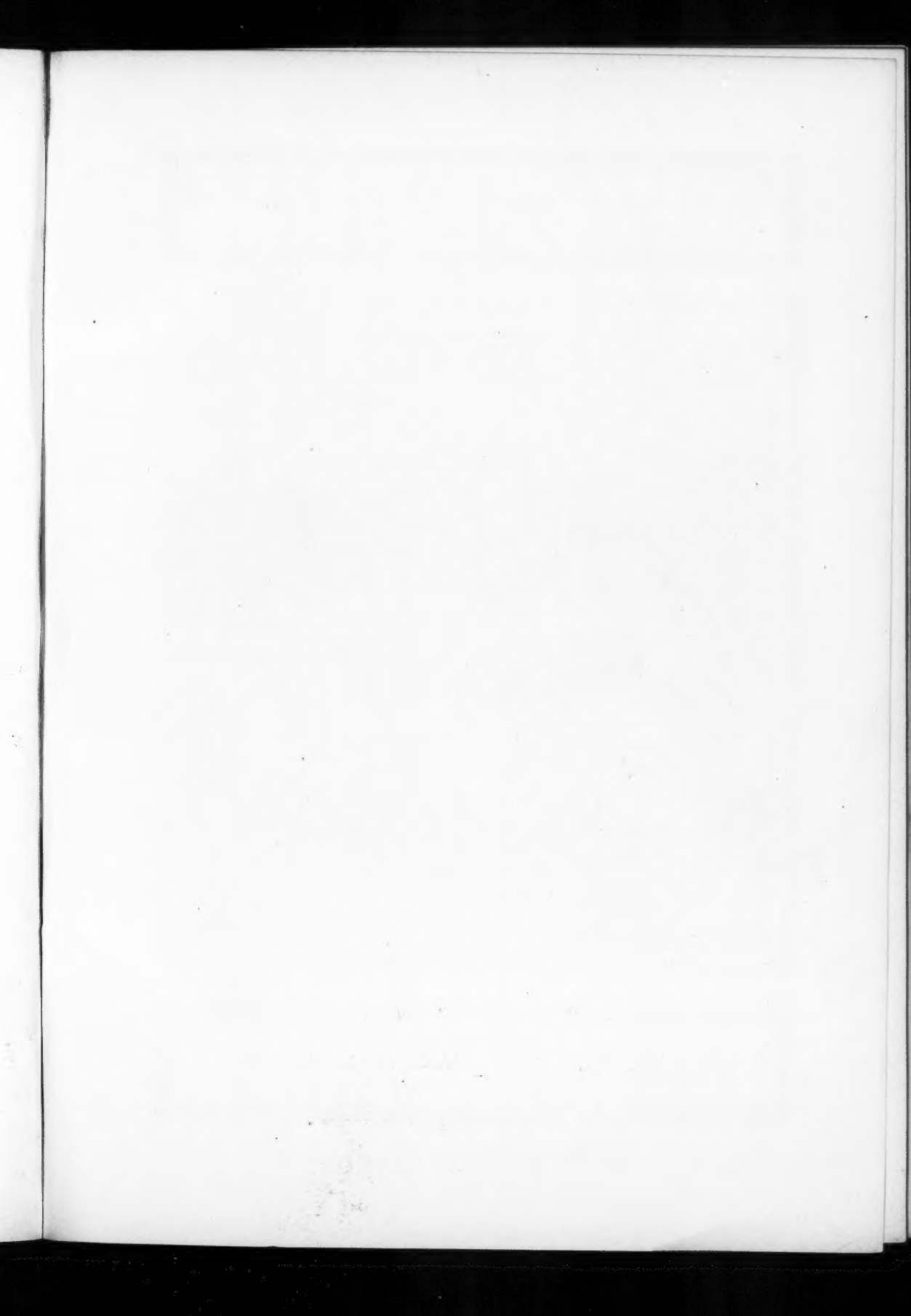
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BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM H. CARTER, U. S. A.

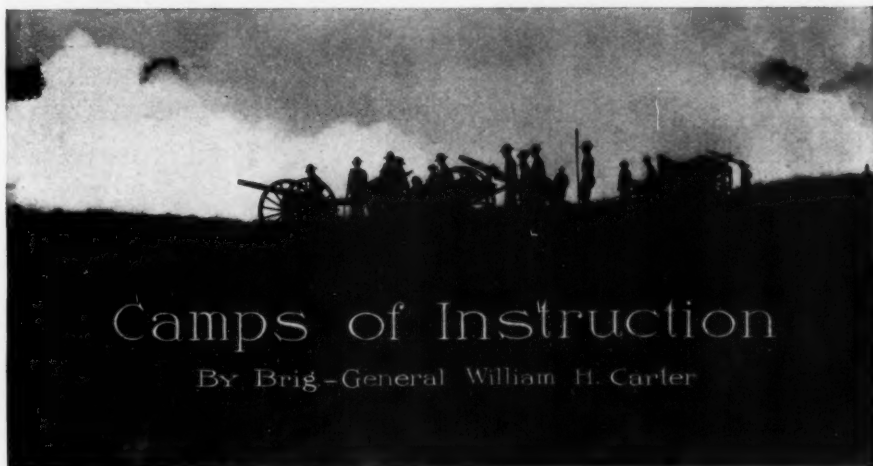
THE READER

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

VOLUME X

JULY, 1907

NUMBER 2



MANY years ago field exercises and maneuvers in a small way were undertaken by the regular army in various parts of the country, the most notable effort being at Chilocco, in Indian Territory. The smallness of appropriations, due primarily to the widespread belief that we would never have another war, prevented any great assemblage of troops, but the regular army struggled along and gradually developed what the country and the world

recognized in 1898 as one of the most efficient bodies of soldiers, of its size, in existence.

Suddenly assembled from widely separated posts, marched aboard improvised transports, landed through the surf upon a hostile and unknown coast in the heat of midsummer, the little regular army advanced against a fortified city, and, with a loss of nearly twenty-five per cent. of its numbers, wrested victory from an astonished enemy, in spite of all academic theories.

The country recognized that the regulars had honored every draft made upon them, but with wounds, pestilence and death this first line was rapidly melting away before many of the volunteer regiments were reasonably fit to fill the gaps in the ranks, had they been immediately called to battle. The emergency passed,



THE MILITIAMAN'S HEART PULSES QUICKLY WHEN THE PRELUDE TO THE MIMIC WAR BEGINS WITH THE ENTRY OF THE CITIZEN SOLDIERY TO CAMP

but the country had learned again the lesson that the patriotism and splendid courage of our volunteers do not entirely take the place of training.

To remedy this condition, and after nearly a century of effort, the rehabilitation of the old militia laws was finally secured, and, although the act of Congress providing for it was a jumble of compromises, it placed the organized militia or National Guard of the states upon a much more efficient basis than was possible under the old statutes.

Many states, at great expense, had

previously maintained efficient bodies of National Guards, but others had neglected this element of national defense almost entirely.

To encourage the uniform organization of state troops and their maintenance in a condition of preparedness for war, Congress wisely provided that in order to participate in the liberal annual appropriations the troops of each state must, prior to the expiration of five years from the date of passage of the act approved January 21, 1903, be organized in the same manner as correspond-



WITH GEOMETRICAL PRECISION THE CAMP IS LAID OUT IN STREETS; FIRST SERGEANTS OCCUPY TENTS AT THE HEAD OF THE COMPANY STREETS; COMPANY, BATTALION AND REGIMENTAL OFFICERS LIVE IN SEPARATE STREETS



AN EARLY MORNING "HIKE" IN LIGHT MARCHING ORDER TO POINTS DESIGNATED BY THE UMPIRES—THE MANEUVERS BEGIN

ing bodies of the regular army. Many of the states promptly enacted laws to carry out this provision, and others are slowly coming to it, in order not to lose the benefit of the support accorded by the general government.

In order to test their progress, and for mutual benefit, state organizations have been invited, during the past four years, to attend the maneuvers of the regular troops. While the maneuvers were all recognized as profitable to both regulars and National Guard, there developed some lack of interest on the part of the latter, due probably to the highly technical and pretentious character of the problems. It became patent to those in authority that to revive waning interest

it would be necessary to adopt a different course from the trend of past maneuvers and to carry on the instruction with more regard for the difficulties under which the state organizations labor.

As a result of this consideration camps of instruction were formed in various parts of the country, having reference primarily to available sites and the convenience of the National Guard organizations.

The camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, which was established July 27 and officially closed September 16, 1906, is typical of all. Each commanding general was expected to conduct the work along such lines as would induce a distinct feeling on the part of the members



PREPARING FOR INSPECTION, WHEN EACH STRAP OF THE CAVALRYMAN'S EQUIPMENT MAY BE SUBJECT TO THE CLOSEST SCRUTINY BY THE INSPECTING OFFICER

of the National Guard that they had derived profit and instruction from their association with the regular troops. Each camp was conducted according to the scheme adopted by its commander, the widest latitude being permitted.

The scheme of instruction at the camp near Indianapolis was simple, progressive, and based upon the number of days available for each organization and its state of proficiency as determined after arrival in camp. Many regiments, in fact all except those in the large cities, are composed of scattered companies, seldom, if ever, brought together except at the annual encampments. It may be readily understood that very little ground could be covered beyond battalion instruction, were it not for the fact that many of the National Guard officers continue their interest in the work year after year.

In modern battle tactics movements by

battalion are contemplated almost to the exclusion of others. If, therefore, each battalion of the National Guard can be gradually provided with well-instructed officers and a reasonable nucleus of trained men in the ranks, they can readily assimilate and train carefully selected young men in all matters of company and battalion drill and camp sanitation. This accomplished, the regimental and brigade battle exercises are readily acquired.

One of the most serious hindrances at past maneuvers, in the minds of National Guard officers, has been the ubiquitous umpire and his decisions. To meet this issue, umpires were dispensed with and staff officers were substituted and authorized to correct faults and explain proper methods of action during the execution of any exercise or problem, where it could be done without interference with a general movement. The



HIDDEN FROM THE ENEMY BY THE HEAVY FOLIAGE THE CAVALRY IMPATIENTLY AWAITSTHE CALL TO THROW ITSELF UPON THE UNSUSPECTING FOE



THE ARTILLERYMEN OF THE NATIONAL GUARD RECEIVING INSTRUCTION WITH PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS OF THE USE OF THIS ARMAMENT

knowledge that individuals and organizations would be allowed to continue in the battle exercises, instead of being umpired off the field, served to do away with a considerable amount of previously observed nervousness. That the new rules worked well was distinctly noticeable in the fact that organizations and individuals corrected on the field never committed the same fault again.

More than half a century ago facetious writers had made the muster days of the old militia a subject of constant jest. The militia called out in all our early wars seldom did honor to itself or the country until after considerable service. But war is an expensive school, both in public treasure and national prestige, and these potent facts have caused the unceasing efforts which have culminated in laws under which the National Guard of the states is developing into a body of men bearing no relation to the old-time militia. Many of the old organizations, especially those of the large cities, could march and wheel beautifully, but field duties and battle exercises, such as are the daily employment of National Guard organizations in camps of instruction, were as sealed books to the old organizations.

The improvement from year to year is slow, but steady and progressive. No unprejudiced person can witness the arrival of a state regiment at camp, ob-

serve its detraining, putting up its camp, arranging its kitchens and sinks with reference to the stringent requirements of modern sanitation, without realizing that a distinct advance has been made in the past few years. There will be need of careful inspection and supervision always, for many young lads each year are attending their first camp, and are apt to regard it as a vacation frolic. Such twigs must be bent into shape, not broken by discouragement and over-correction. Many undeveloped youths, unfit for the hardships of campaign, are found in the ranks. By seeing how the average regular has been developed through physical training, the seed of desire for improvement is planted in the immature boy, and he takes it home to the farm and village.

Many military men see discouragement in the club element of National Guard organizations, under the belief that many of those who join in peace do so for the social advantages and without thought of the war side of the story. There is a happy medium in such things, for armories develop gymnasiums and athletic exercises, and these are immensely profitable in the physical development of young men, who are made thereby not only better able to stand hard service, but also healthier and more useful citizens. Every company of the National Guard would be better off with



DETONATING ROARS AND BLINDING CLOUDS OF SMOKE—THE ARTILLERY IS SHELLING THE HILLS TO DRIVE OUT THE INFANTRY

a gymnasium and armory, and if this develops the social side of life, the interest of their relatives and friends is aroused, and the young men are apt to take additional pride in their work, especially in country and village organizations.

The camp of instruction near Indianapolis was not alone beneficial to the National Guard organizations, for regulars of all grades recognized the valuable practical instruction afforded by the exercises from day to day with larger bodies than could possibly be assembled from the regular army alone. Results did not always materialize as planned on the map. Sometimes the topography, as shown on the map, was not altogether accurate, and at other times a more lucky or enterprising opponent would "arrive first with the most men," in accordance with a military axiom much dwelt upon by a certain successful general of Civil War fame.

The exercises and drills included a wide range, from the minor operations involved in the establishment of outposts, formation of advance and rear guards and conduct of convoys, to the actual attack and defense of positions

and the larger battle movements, up to the point where bullets alone may be relied upon to settle the question of success or failure. There was no attempt to render decisions as to the victors in the various battle exercises. The main value in all peace maneuvers has been derived when the full development of the opposing lines has been reached. A continuance of the action at close quarters, with indiscriminate firing of blank cartridges, is misleading, and apt to inspire false ideas on the part of the men in the ranks.

The site of the camp of instruction, being a new military reservation, was practically unknown to the officers and men of the regular army, but before the close of the encampment there was but one opinion as to its great value and as to the desirability of having it increased and utilized for future encampments. Located in a natural blue grass country, sufficiently rolling to afford good drainage, and with a large stream traversing it; with potable artesian water obtainable in abundance; with very few flies and practically no mosquitoes—these all constitute such a desirable combination as to make the location not only valuable for camps of instruction, but suggest its

utilization in time of war for large camps or cantonments for the organization and equipment of volunteers.

The government has long needed a reservation of this kind in the Central West, and it is a piece of rare good fortune that it now finds itself possessed of one combining so many advantages and capable of indefinite extension for future use.

With the regular army in permanent possession of so excellent a location for joint encampments, at moderate cost, it but remains for the army and the National Guard to give evidence of the value of field training as a justification for future appropriations. Congress may be relied upon to stand behind this movement for a practical field training of the combined forces just as long as it is convinced the appropriations are expended with judgment and sense.

The material used by modern armies has become extremely complicated, and every officer and man of the National Guard who has received practical training in camps of instruction with regulars is of great value when war is declared, because of his ability to assist in the instruction of the army of patriotic but

untrained volunteers upon whom the country must always rely for its main defense.

The regular army must now, as in the past, form the first line of defense, and upon its officers must devolve the duty of keeping in touch with modern progress along all scientific lines applicable to warfare, and to make certain that we shall lose no advantages in the application of any modern invention availed of by other nations.

It is the practically unanimous verdict of all military nations that modern wars do not admit of much time for preparation before the first blow, and often it is the first battle which counts most when the appeal to arms has been made. The prestige of a proud nation may be sadly lowered by lack of foresight and preparedness. The general government has generously undertaken through liberal appropriations to supply the means for arming, equipping and training the National Guard in conjunction with the regular army. Patriotism and material interest alike suggest the propriety of giving the highest active support to those who undertake to fit themselves in time of peace for defense in war.



BACK TO CAMP AFTER A HARD DAY'S BATTLE. "THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME"

GLIMPSES OF BRET HARTE

By S. R. ELLIOTT

His close personal friend

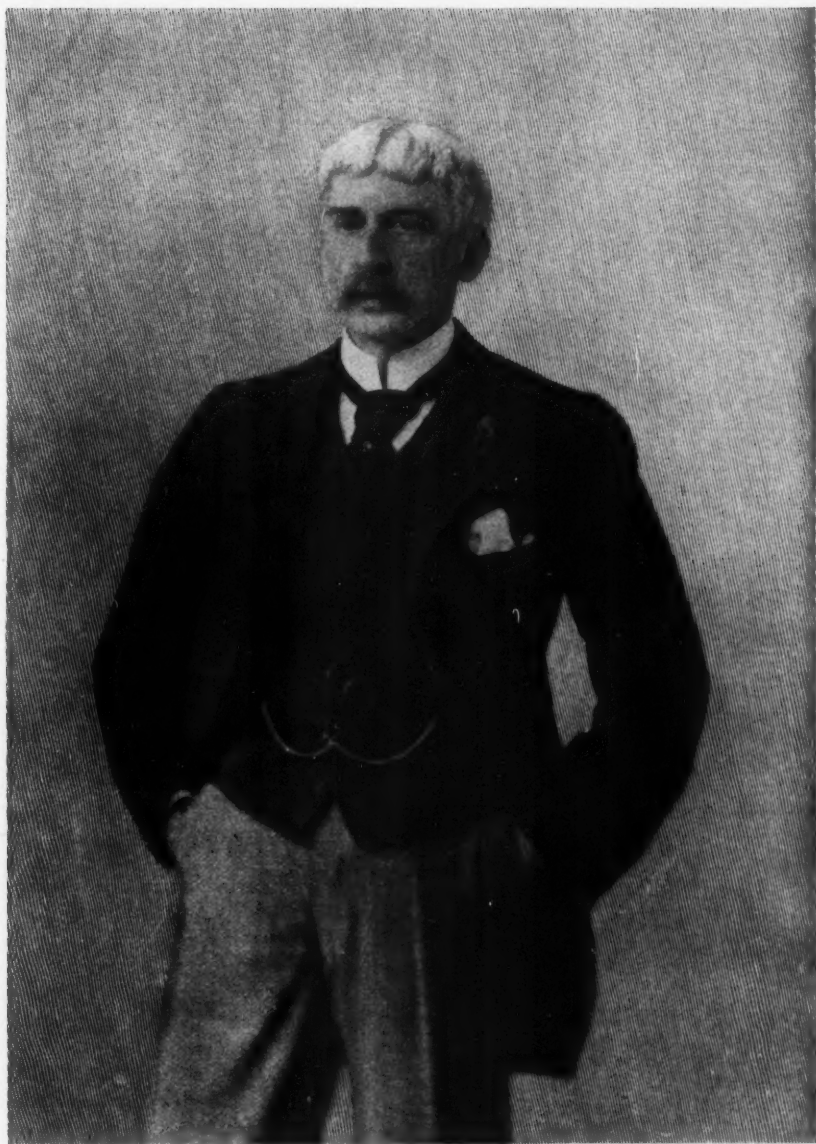
"TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean." No, it was not any one trying to "quote poetry"; it was only Bret Harte in the act of describing the condition of his eyes, in the office of a specialist to whom he had repaired.

I saw him now for the first time—a gracious, shapely figure surpassing but little the medium stature, and remarkably well dressed, inasmuch as his clothes seemed always a part of himself; indeed, nothing could well have been more unlike the stage ideal of the frontiersman all boots and sombrero, who looked as if he missed his sixshooter and wanted to make a lariat out of the curtain cord! It might even be deemed that Harte's deft use of modern attire was in some sense reactionary, as eastern capitals had grown weary of such trappings in a few predecessors, and the gentleman who submitted to being lionized in London drawing-rooms with his trousers stuck in his boots had ceased to be regarded as a rare exotic. Yet, although the aim of Harte was rather to avoid notice, as was shown by conventional garments and ways, there was still something in his movements, and especially in his walk, that recalled the unconscious grace of some wild animal. Many a time have I stood at the door to watch him as he walked down the street, and have wondered whence could come that supple ease of motion, which seemed to do everything by mere volition. Once only, in his writings, do I detect a hint of self-consciousness as to this resemblance. It is in the story entitled "The Carquinez Woods," in which he describes a creature so adjusted and attuned to the forest as to seem a part of its belongings—that person an Indian. Although at the period of which I write Harte was

even then acknowledged *facile princeps* in all that pertained to frontier lore, his affectations, if any, did not point that way. True, he had studied the language, habits, and, so to speak, the natural history of pioneers, whose barbarism was a retrograde movement, and whose civilization was an occasional lapse into a state of things now almost forgotten. Still he had evidently parted from such scenes without regret, and in his conversation seldom referred to them save as something done with forever, not to be revisited, nor much to be desired. Only once did I observe any trace of the old faith that must have been in him to impart vitality to his creed: this was one summer morning, when an account appeared in the journals of an eastern railway train being held up by a party of tramps, who boarded the cars and proceeded to make themselves at home (some of them even sitting in ladies' laps), while the crowded train sped on. There were, of course, no police present, and the train-hands were few and timid, so the ruffians escaped unpunished.

"By Heaven!" said Harte, who had listened to the reading of this account, "such a thing couldn't have happened in California! One man armed with a toothpick would have made more display than that! At thought of such a disgraceful scene, I almost regret the frontier, although I was born East and shall die East."

At another time, I remember how outraged he was in witnessing a play evidently vamped up of forest-side improbabilities, on eastern or European methods, and representing a sylvan hero and a settlement belle undergoing a betrothal ceremony amid orange flowers and many another imported absurdity.



From a photograph in the possession of S. R. Elliott

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

London, December, 1891

"This is what makes it so impossible to produce a realistic frontier play! Can't they get through a plain American scene without dragging in the properties of continental Europe?" On the whole, Harte's opinion as to the exaggeration and hyperbole which then entered into all descriptions of California was, perhaps, best shown when one day an enthusiastic exponent of the Golden State took him up on a matter hitherto deemed unassailable ground—namely, her fruits. "Yes," he said, "you take the flavor of a single plum of ordinary size, make that flavor serve for one five times larger, and then you have California fruit!"

Of all the processes conducing to a lasting unpopularity, I know of none so swift, none so lasting as that implied in a poor memory for names and faces. The fetish which the wisest carries ever in his bosom, the small comfit of self-love which the beggar cherishes in his ragged pocket, must be recognized and appeased at every turn. Nothing, perhaps, so makes us feel the emptiness of life as when the celebrity fails to know us, when only yesterday, on being introduced, he showed such flattering interest (and such good judgment) in his preferences! The metaphor of the cow that gives a full pail of milk and then steps in it is weak to convey an idea of the angry disappointment of the forgotten one, or of his sudden change from the milk of human kindness to the lactic acid of realistic criticism! In a word,

"As Machiavel shows those in purple raiment,
Such is the shortest road to general curses."

This forgetfulness was poor Harte's chief social defect; and what it must have cost him is hinted at in many allusions contained in his stories, as, for instance, when he refers to Mr. Oakhurst's "kingly craft of remembering faces"; also, when he adverts, with bitter regret, to

the characteristic gift of Kentucky's Thunderer, who could be introduced to thousands at a horse race and remember them all minutely in subsequent stump-speeching. I have myself seen the most enthusiastic admirer, who had greedily sought an introduction to Harte, ignored the very next day, with blank countenance and unrecognizing eye. The mildest epithet resulting would be "snob," or "swelled head." Finding himself tripping, Harte used to say: "Oh, the rare and rapturous gift of memory—memory of a kind that can seize its subject and photograph it mentally for all time—that can and will fit a name to a face but once seen in the past, and unhesitatingly add glimpses and dates and localities scarce hoped for and conjured up by the magic of association! Well may such faculty be called a gift of the gods. No study can illumine it—no toil aid in the preparation of its mysteries!"

Probably one of the greatest blessings to a rising author must ever be the accident of timeliness. And here Bret Harte considered himself supreme—as one born with a caul. "You observe," he would say, "what a success greeted the worst poem I ever wrote—possibly the worst poem that any one ever wrote, 'The Heathen Chineese!' I was almost ashamed to offer it; but it helped to silence the orator of the sandlots; and it put a stopper on Senator Casserly by furnishing a fair statement of how his famous anti-Chinese eloquence must be viewed by the world; and just then this was the burning issue of the hour." Seldom, however, was Bret Harte heard to speak of politics; political views he undoubtedly had, as was frequently shown in his writings; but his was an assenting stand with his section, rather than such as might proceed from radical conviction, and he was, in general, content to leave the details of statesmanship to the high priests of party. An occasional expression of impatience at too frequently employed methods of expediency might

have been noted, as when he applauded the famous saying of Ben Butler, "We can not run an engine by brakes alone."

A very singular characteristic of one so distinguished as a limner of wild life was his extreme modesty in relating the part borne by himself amid the scenes he so doughtily describes. For a long time I fancied that familiarity with such scenes had blunted the eager zest for oral recital, or that by some obscure moral statute of limitation he had passed the period when the sweetest of all praise is that which is accorded to one's courage (since "Ay, by my valor," has ever been held as a knightly imprecation); but Harte apparently placed no value whatever upon any reputation for bravery, as regarded himself; so much was this the case that more than once I was forced to the conjecture hinted at by Browning:

"No novice, we've
won our spurs
elsewhere;
And hence, can af-
ford the confes-
sion,
We exercise wholesome discretion
In keeping away from this place."

Once, indeed, on my remarking the graying of his hair, he told me it was

due to the continued influence of fear while a rider with Yuba Bill. Several of his predecessors in charge of the specie casket having been shot, he never mounted the stage, so he declared, without some apprehension of a dark glen, a

flash therefrom, a report, and a tumble from the seat; and, although he nerved himself to his new duties as best he could, they grew more uncongenial with every repetition. Then it was he had noticed that he was growing gray about the temples. I reminded him of his own military career—of his having enlisted as a volunteer in the war between the Eel River and Scott River Indians. To which allusion he replied: "Yes, that was after the Humboldt Bay massacre. I was escorted to the recruiting officer by indignation and hunger! But although the hardships and privations endured then left me a feeble stomach and irritable nerves, I came to no other harm. Having no blood to spare, I

shed my digestion for freedom. You see," he continued, "I never had any sympathy with those mess-pork heroes, although their ways, and, above all, their point of view, were to me an inexhaustible source of amusement and interest. I cared little



From a photograph in the possession of S. R. Elliott

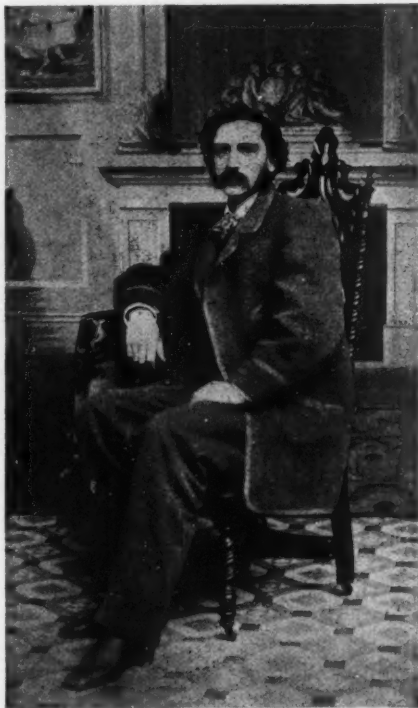
"HARTE TOLD ME HIS GRAY HAIR WAS DUE TO THE CONTINUED INFLUENCE OF FEAR WHILE A STAGE RIDER WITH YUBA BILL"

whether they wore their own scalps on their heads or wore the scalps of others to trim their buckskins. I only saw some reckless men ready to fight for their country, as did Hampden, Washington, and—with a twinkle—Jeff Davis! For, after all, why was not Benedict Arnold the most conscientious of our Revolutionary heroes? Washington died an impenitent, if successful, rebel—La-fayette was only a filibusterer—but Benedict Arnold had the courage of his convictions: he alone had the grace to 'ground down the weapons of his rebellion and sin against his king no more!'" And now we all knew—at least all the initiated knew—that Bret was guying—a habit attributed to Byron. But, observing that these and such like travesties of his were not always taken in good part, especially by those returned veterans who were still voting, Bret would say: "Boys, don't take it too seriously. I always was a Union man, and ready to sacrifice, as Artemus Ward said,* 'any able-bodied relative' I possessed. So don't look so solemn."

On several different occasions Harte had tried to learn the Indian dialects; but failing in this, as he declared, he

* "Sooner than see the rebellion triumph, I would sacrifice my wife's brother."—Artemus Ward.

had to content himself with mastering the "many-corridor complexities" of slang and pictography which constituted the spoken tongue of the miner and cowboy of those days. "I worked harder, and studied longer, to learn that language than probably would have sufficed for the acquirement of French, Italian—or even English," he would say.



From a photograph in the possession of S. R. Elliott

"THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HARTE THAT RECALLED THE UNCONSCIOUS GRACE OF SOME WILD ANIMAL"

And here let me state that any one who supposed the "finish" of Bret Harte's prose was accidental, would have been enlightened on finding that this writer often made four or five copies of a note accepting an invitation to dinner! Although he was wont to deny to himself the critical faculty, his mind was keenly alive, not only to the sense but to the sound of a passage in verse. I can not soon forget the excited interest with which he read aloud those lines in "Enoch Arden" which describe the prison-paradise of the poor widowed castaway in the summer isles of the South Pacific,

beginning with "The mountains wooded to the peak." Then he would say: "There you have the whole atmosphere of that boy's fairy tale, Robinson Crusoe—grown from nursery prose to adult poetry. But observe how deftly the poet mingles the idea of suffering and loneliness with the keen interest of this primitive life; how conscientiously he shows

the alloy in the gold of the romance. And how he makes us feel the pitiless monotony of a tropical day; one's very eyes ache at that 'Blaze upon the waters to the east,' etc."

One fact at which Harte marveled much was his own feeling for Browning and for the work of this poet. "I can not describe how I am affected by the man-flavor which pervades, so easily and naturally, all that Browning does. When I was fifteen Jack Oakhurst and his ilk seemed to be the male of my species; now that my hair is gray, it is Robert Browning!" "You created your first idol," I observed. "No," he replied, "Oakhurst was pieced up from odds and ends of western character, much in the way a sculptor takes an arm from the gladiator, a leg from the winged-foot fraternity, and a head from some one's Jove. I desired to make the character possible and probable, and added what I thought needful." "You have done much to make gamblers respectable," I hinted, "if not heroic." To which Harte would rejoin: "Some element of heroism, or at least of recklessness, may be assumed in the gambler's choice of a profession, while his code was the simple

one in vogue among barbaric peoples—" "And highwaymen," I slyly added—"in fact, the criminal classes generally." "Certainly, unformed peoples require primitive rules for their guidance; and to reward a friend and punish an enemy is convenient for all." "But all this makes Jack Oakhurst a perilous model for boys?" "Not a bit of it," he sturdily maintained, "excepting, perhaps, those boys whose ideal has already been shaped to that end. You observe that Oakhurst scarcely speaks outside of his trade: he is a model of propriety—doesn't drink—in short, is throughout silent and self-contained."

Harte was frequently approached by others besides prospectors, who asked him why he did not return to California. His reply was invariably to the effect that the scenes which he had himself described, and which he was wont to assign to the era of the lariat and the revolver, were things of the past; and that all interest therein, and all literature thereof, would also before long be of the past. But whatever the misgivings of this gifted man, may we not truly say, for his prose and verse (if no longer for himself, alas!), *serus in cælum redeas!*

TO A LADY'S PORTRAIT

By DONALD BABCOCK

Thou art the Lovable, no other name
Hast thou, and deep within their hearts men feel
Thy presence, sweet and calm. Thou dost reveal
That ancient mystery from whence we came
And whither we return, and the great game
Of life and death and love, of woe and weal,
Why this man trampled sin beneath his heel,
And why this other sold himself to shame.

And in thy open gaze and calm, wide eyes,—
Pure as the flowers that dot the meadow-field,
And reminiscent of eternity,—
The maiden and the mother in thee rise
As marveling to see themselves revealed,
And waiting for a kiss to set them free.



Drawn by E. M. Ashe

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THE COLONEL KNELT DOWN AND EXAMINED THE STAINS. "YES," HE SAID VERY QUIETLY,
"YOU ARE RIGHT, IT IS BLOOD"

THE LION'S SHARE

By OCTAVE THANET

Author of "The Man of the Hour," etc.

CHAPTER V

BLIND CLUES

"BUT this is preposterous," cried Mrs. Melville, "you *must* have seen him had he come out of the room; you were directly in front of the doors all the time."

"I was," admitted the colonel; "can—can the boy be hiding to scare us?" He spoke to Miss Smith. She had grown pale; he did not know that his own color had turned. Millicent stared from one to the other.

"How ridiculous!" she exclaimed; "of course not; but he must be somewhere; let *me* look!"

Look as they might through all the staring, empty rooms, there was no vestige of the boy. He was as clean vanished, as if he had fallen out of the closed and locked windows. The colonel examined them all; had there been one open, he would have peered outside, frightened as he had never been when death was at his elbow; but it certainly wasn't possible to jump through a window, and not only shut, but lock it after one.

Under every bed, in every closet, he prowled; he was searching still when Mrs. Winter returned. By this time, Mrs. Melville was agitated, and naturally irritated as well. "I think it is unpardonable in Archie to sneak out in this fashion," she complained.

"I suppose the boy wanted to see the town a bit," said Aunt Rebecca placidly. "Rupert, come in and sit down, and he will be back in a moment; smoke a cigar, if your nerves need calming."

Rupert felt as if he were a boy of ten, called back to common sense out of imaginary horrors of the dark.

"But, if he wanted to go out, why did he leave his hat and coat behind him?" asked Miss Smith.

"He may be only exploring the hotel," said Mrs. Winter. "Don't be so restless, Bertie; sit down."

The colonel's eye was furtively photographing every article of furniture in the room; it lingered longest on Mrs. Winter's wardrobe trunk, which was standing in her room. Randall had been despatched for a hot water bottle in lieu of one which had sprung a leak on the train; so the trunk stood, its door ajar.

"Maybe he is doing the Ginevra stunt in there! Is that what you are thinking?" she jeered. "Well, go and look."

Light as her tone was, she was not unaffected by the contagion of anxiety about her; after a moment, while Rupert was looking at the wardrobe trunk, and even profanely exploring the swathed gowns held in rigid safety by bands of rubber, she moved about the rooms herself.

"There isn't room for a mouse in that box," growled the colonel.

"Of course not," said his aunt languidly, sinking into the easiest chair; "but your mind is easier. Archie will come back for dinner; don't worry."

"How could he get by *me*?" retorted the colonel.

"Perhaps he went into one of the neighboring rooms," Miss Smith suggested. "Shall I go out and rap on the door of the next room on the left?" On the right the last room of the party was a corner room.

"Why, you *might*," acquiesced Aunt

Rebecca; but Mrs. Melville cut the ends of her words. "Pray let me go, Aunt Rebecca," she begged; suiting the action to the words, and out of the door almost ahead of her sentence.

The others waited; they were silent; little flecks of color raddled Mrs. Winter's cheeks. They could hear Millicent's knock reverberating. There was no answer. "Telephone to the adjacent rooms," proposed the colonel.

"I'll telephone," said Mrs. Winter, and rang up the number of the next room. There was no response; but when she called the number of the room adjoining, she seemed to get an answer, for she announced her name. "Have you seen a young lad?" she continued, after an apology for disturbing them. "He belonged to our party; has he by chance got into your room? and is he there?" In a second she put down the receiver with a heightened color, saying, "They might be a little civiler in their answers, if it is Mr. Keatcham's suite."

"What did the beggar say?" bristled the colonel.

"Only that it was Mr. Keatcham's suite; Mr. E. S. Keatcham, as if *that* put getting into it quite out of the question. Some underling, I presume."

"There is the unoccupied room between. That is not accounted for. But it will be. I will find out who is in there." Rupert arose as he spoke, pricked by the craving for action of a man who was accustomed to quick decision. He heard his aunt brusquely repelling Millicent's proposal of the police, as he left the room. Indeed, she called him back to exact a promise that he would not make Archie's disappearance public. "We want to find him," was her grim addenda; "and we can't have the police and the newspapers hindering us."

In the office, he found external courtesy and a rather perfunctory sympathy, based on a suppressed, but perfectly visible conviction that the boy had stolen

out for a glimpse of the city, and would be back shortly.

The manager had no objection to telling Colonel Winter, whom he knew slightly, that the occupant of the next room was a New England lady of the highest respectability, Mrs. Winthrop Wigglesworth. If the young fellow didn't turn up for dinner, he should be glad to ask Mrs. Wigglesworth to let Mrs. Winter examine her room; but he rather thought they would be seeing young Winter before then—Oh, his hat? They usually carried caps in their pockets; and as to coats—boys never thought of their coats.

The manager's cheeriness did not especially uplift the colonel. He warmed it over, dutifully, however, for his womankind's benefit. Miss Smith had gone out; why, he was not told; and did not venture to ask. Mrs. Melville kept making cautious signals to him behind his aunt's back; otherwise she was preserving the mien of sympathetic solemnity which she was used to show at funerals and first visits of condolence and congratulation to divorced friends. Mrs. Winter wore an inscrutable composure. She was still firmly opposed to calling in the aid of the police.

Did she object to his making a few inquiries among the hotel bell boys, the elevator boy and the people in the restaurant or the office?

Not at all, if he would be cautious.

So he sallied out, and, in the midst of his fruitless inquisition, Millicent appeared.

Forcing a civil smile, he awaited her pleasure. "Go on, don't mind me," said she mournfully; "you will feel better to have done everything in your power."

"But I shall not discover anything?"

"I fear not. Has it not occurred to you that he has been kidnapped?"

"Hmn!" said the colonel.

"And did you notice how perturbed Miss Smith seemed; she was quite pale; her agitation was quite noticeable."

"She is tremendously fond of Archie."

"Or—she knows more than she will say."

"Oh, what rot!" sputtered the colonel; then he begged her pardon.

"Wait," he counseled, and his man's resistance to appearances had its effect, as masculine immobility always has, on the feminine effervescence before him. "Wait," was his word, "at least until we give the boy a chance to turn up; if he has slipped by us, he is taking a little 'pasear' on his own account; lads do get restless sometimes if they are held too steadily in the leash, especially—if you will excuse me—by, well, by ladies."

"If he has frightened us out of our wits—well, I don't know what oughtn't to be done to him!"

"Oh, well, let us wait and hear *his* story," repeated the soldier.

But the last streaks of red faded out of the west; a chill fog smoked up from the darkening hills, and Archie had not come. At eight, Mrs. Winter ordered dinner to be served in their rooms. Miss Smith had not returned. The colonel attempted a military cheerfulness, which his great aunt told him bluntly, later in the evening, reminded her of a physician's manner in critical cases where the patient's mind must be kept quiet.

But she ate more than he at dinner; although her own record was not a very good one. Millicent avowed that she was too worried to eat, but she was tempted by the strawberries and carp, and wondered were the California fowls really so poor; and gave the sample the benefit of impartial and fair examination; in the end making a very fair meal.

It is not to be supposed that Winter had been idle; before dinner he had put a guard in the hall and he had seen Haley, who reported that his wife and child had gone to a kinswoman in Santa Barbara.

"Sure the woman has a fine house entirely, and she's fair crazy over the baby that's named after her, for she's a

widdy woman with never a child excipt wan that's in Hivin, a little gurrl; and she wudn't let us rist 'til she'd got the cratur. Nor I wasn't objictin', for Oi'm thinking there'll be something doin' and the wimin is onconvanient, thim times."

The colonel admitted that he shared Haley's opinion. He questioned the man minutely about Mercer's conduct on the train. It was absolutely commonplace. If he had any connection (as the colonel had suspected) with the bandits, he made no sign. He sent no telegrams; he wrote no letters. He made no acquaintances, smoking his solitary cigar over a newspaper. Indeed, absolutely the only matter of note (if that were one) was that he read so many newspapers—buying every different journal vended. At San Francisco he got into a cab and Haley heard him give the order: "To the St. Francis." Having his wife and child with him, the sergeant couldn't follow; but he went around to the St. Francis later, and inquired for Mr. Mercer, for whom he had a letter (as was indeed the case—the colonel having provided him with one), but no such name appeared on the register. Invited to leave the letter to await the gentleman's arrival, Haley said that he was instructed to give it to the gentleman himself; therefore, he took it away with him. He had carried it to all the other hotels or boarding places in San Francisco which he could find, aided greatly thereto by a friend of his, formerly in "the old —th," a sergeant, now stationed at the Presidio. Thanks to him, Haley could say definitely that Mercer was not at any of the hotels or more prominent boarding-houses in the city, at least under his own name.

"And you haven't seen him since he got into the cab at the station?" the colonel summed up.

Haley's reply was unexpected: "Yes, sor, I seen him this day, in the marning, in this same hotel."

"Where?"

"Drinking coffee at a table in th' coort. He wint out, havin' paid the man, not a signin', an' he guv the waiter enough to make him say, 'Thank ye, sor,' but not enough to make him smile and stay round to pull aff the chair. I follied him to the dure, but he got into an autymobile—"

"Get the number?"

"Yis, sor. Number—here 'tis, sor, I wrote it down to make sure." He passed an old envelope on which was written a number over to the colonel.

*"M. 20139," read the colonel, carefully noting down the number in his own memorandum book. And he reflected, "That is a Massachusetts number, humph."

Haley's information ended there. He heard of Archie's disappearance with his usual stolid mien, but his hands slowly clenched. The colonel continued:

"You are to find out, if you can, by scraping acquaintance with the carriage men, if that auto—you have written a description, I see, as well as the number—find out if that auto left this hotel this afternoon between six and seven o'clock. Find out who were in it. Find out where it is kept and who owns it. Get T. Birdsall, Merchants' Exchange Building, to send a man to help you. Wait, I've a card ready for you to give him from me; he has sent me men before. Report by telegram as soon as you know anything. If I'm not here, speak Spanish and have them write it down. Be back here to-nigh: by ten, if you can, yourself."

Haley dismissed, and his own appetite for dinner effectually dispelled by his report, Winter joined his aunt. Should he tell her his suspicions and their ground? Wasn't he morally obliged, now, to tell her? She was co-guardian with him of the boy, who, he had no doubt, had been spirited away by Mercer and his accomplice; and

*Of course, no allusions are made to any real M. 20139.

hadn't she a right to any information on the matter in his possession?

Reluctantly he admitted that she did have such a right; and, he admitted further, being a man who never cheated at solitaire, that his object in keeping the talk of the two men from her had not been so much the desire to guard her nerves (which he knew perfectly well were of a robuster fiber than those of most women twenty or forty years younger than she); no, he admitted it grimly, he had not so much spared his aunt as Janet Smith; he could not bear to direct suspicion toward her. But how could he keep silent longer? Kicking this question about in his mind, he spoiled the flavor of his after-dinner cigar, although his aunt graciously bade him smoke it in her parlor.

And still Miss Smith had not returned; really, it was only fair to her to have her present when he told his aunt; no, he was *not* grabbing at any excuse for delay; if he could watch that girl's face while he told his story he would—well, he would have his mind settled one way or another.

Here the telephone bell rang; the manager informed Colonel Winter that Mrs. Wigglesworth had returned.

"Wigglesworth? what an extraordinary name!" cried Millicent when the colonel shared his information.

"Good old New England name; I know some extremely nice Wigglesworths in Boston," Mrs. Winter amended with a touch of hauteur; and, at this moment, there came a knock at the door.

There is all the difference in the world between knocks; a knock often as not conveys a most unintentional hint in regard to the character of the one behind the knuckles; and often, also, the mood of the knocker is reflected in the sound which he makes. Were there truth in this, one would judge that the person who knocked at this moment must be a woman, for the knock was not loud, but almost timidly gentle; one

might even guess that she was agitated, for the tapping was in a hurried, uneven measure.

"I believe it is Mrs. Wigglesworth herself," declared Aunt Rebecca. "Bertie, I'm going into the other room; she will talk more freely to you. She would want to spare my nerves. That is the nuisance of being old. Now open the door."

She was half-way across the threshold before she finished, and the colonel's fingers on the door-knob only waited for the closing of her door to turn to admit the lady in waiting.

A lady she was beyond doubt, and any one who had traveled would have been sure that she was a lady from Massachusetts. She wore that little close bonnet which certain elderly Boston gentlewomen can neither be driven nor allured to abandon; her rich and quiet black silken gown might have been made any year within the last five, and her furs would have graced a princess. She had beautiful gray hair and a soft complexion and wore glasses. Equally evident to the observer was the fact of her suppressed agitation.

She waved aside the colonel's proffered chair, introducing herself in a musical, almost tremulous voice, with the crisp enunciation of her section of country. "I am Mrs. Wigglesworth; I understand, Colonel Winter—you?—y-yes, no, thank you, I will not sit. I—I understood Mrs. Winter—ah, your aunt, is an elderly woman."

"This is my sister-in-law, Mrs. Melville Winter," explained the colonel. "My aunt is elderly in years, but in nothing else."

Mrs. Wigglesworth smiled a faint smile; the colonel could see a tremble on the hand that was unconsciously drawing her fur collar more tightly about her throat. "How very nice—yes, to be sure," she faltered. "But you will understand that I did not wish to alarm her. I heard that you wanted to speak to me, and that the little boy was lost."

"Or stolen," Mrs. Melville amended.

The colonel, in a few words, related the situation. He had prevailed upon his visitor to sit down, and while he spoke he noticed that her hands held each other tightly, although she appeared perfectly composed and did not interrupt. She answered his questions directly and quietly. She had been away taking tea with a friend; she had remained to dine. Her maid had gone out earlier to spend the day and night with a sister in the city; so the room was empty between six and seven o'clock.

"The chambermaid wasn't there, then?"

"I don't think so. She usually does the room and brings the towels for the bath in the morning. But I asked her, to make sure, and she says that she was not there since morning."

"She seems a good girl; I think she didn't—but I have found something. At least I am af—I may have found something. I thought I might see Mrs. Winter's niece about it"—she glanced toward Millicent, who said, "Certainly," at a venture; and looked frightened.

"And you found?" said the colonel.

"Only this. I went to my rooms, turned on the light and was taking off my gloves before I untied my bonnet. One of my rings fell on the floor. It went under a rug, and I at once remarked that it was a different place for the rug than the one where it had been before. Before it was in front of the dresser, a very natural place, but now it was on the carpet to one side, a place where there seemed no reason for its presence—these details seem trivial, but—"

"I can see they are not," said the colonel. "Pray, proceed, madam. The ring had rolled under the rug!"

Mrs. Wigglesworth gave him a grateful nod.

"Yes, it had. And when I removed the rug I saw it; but as I bent to pick it up I saw something else. In one place

there was a stain, as large as the palm of my hand, a little pool of—it looks like blood.”

Mrs. Melville uttered an exclamation of horror.

The colonel's face stiffened; but there was no change in his polite attention.

“May we be permitted to see this—ah, stain?” said he.

The three stepped through the corridor to the outside door, and went into the chamber. The rug was flung to one side, and there on the gray velvet nap of the carpet was an irregular, sprawling stain about which were spattered other stains, some crimson, some almost black.

Millicent recoiled, shuddering. The colonel knelt down and examined the stains. “Yes,” he said very quietly, “you are right, it is blood.”

There was a tap on the door, which was opened immediately without waiting for a permission. Millicent, rigid with fright, could only stare helplessly at the erect figure, the composed pale face and the brilliant, imperious eyes of her aunt.

“What did you say, Bertie?” said Rebecca Winter. “I think I have a right to the whole truth.”

CHAPTER VI

THE VOICE IN THE TELEPHONE

“Well, Bertie?” Mrs. Winter had gone back to her parlor in the most docile manner in the world. Her submission struck Rupert on the heart; it was as if she were stunned, he felt.

He was sitting opposite her, his slender, rather short figure looking shrunken in the huge, ugly, upholstered easy chair; he kept an almost constrained attitude of military erectness, of which he was conscious, himself; and at which he smiled forlornly, recalling the same pose in Haley whenever the sergeant was disconcerted.

“But, first,” pursued his aunt, “who

was that red-headed bell boy with whom you exchanged signals in the hall?”

The colonel suppressed a whistle. “Aunt Beckie, you’re a wonder! Did you notice? And he simply shut the palm of his hand! Why, it’s this way: I was convinced that Archie must be on the premises; he *couldn’t* get off. So I telephoned a detective that I know here, a private agency, *not* the police, to send me a sure man to watch. He is made up as a bell boy (with the hotel manager’s consent, of course); either I, or Millicent, or that boy has kept an eye on the Keatcham doors and the next room ever since I found Archie was gone. No one has gone out without our seeing him. If any one suspicious goes out, we have it arranged to detain him or them long enough for me to get a good look. I can tell you exactly who left the room.”

“It is you who are the wonder, Bertie,” said Aunt Rebecca, a little wearily, but smiling. “Who has gone out?”

“At seven Mr. Keatcham’s secretary went down to the office and ordered dinner, very carefully. I didn’t see him, but my sleuth did. He had the secretary and the valet of the Keatcham party pointed out to him; he saw them. They had one visitor, young Arnold, *the* Arnolds’ son—”

“The one who has all the orange groves and railways? Yes, I knew his father.”

“That one; he only came a few moments since. Mr. Keatcham and his secretary dined together, and Keatcham’s own man waited on them; but the waiter for this floor brought up the dishes. At nine the dishes were brought out and my man helped Keatcham’s valet to pile them a little farther down the corridor in the hall. The butler broke some of the dishes and was uncommonly flustered; he offered to give the bell boy money to pay for them so they shouldn’t appear on the bill. If Mr. Turner knew, he would be angry.”

These items the colonel was reading out of his little red book.

"You have put all that down. Do you think it means anything?"

"I have put everything down. One can't weed until there is a crop of information, you know."

"True," murmured Aunt Rebecca, nodding thoughtfully. "Well, did anything else happen?"

"The secretary posted a lot of letters in the shute. They are all smoking now. Yes—" he was on his feet and at the door in almost a single motion. There had been just the slightest tattoo on the panel. When the door was opened the colonel could hear the rattle of the elevator. He was too late to catch it, but he could see the inmates. Three gentlemen stood in the car. One was Keatcham, the other two had their backs to Winter. One seemed to be supporting Keatcham, who looked pale. He saw the colonel and darted at him a single glance in which was something poignant; what, it was too brief for the receiver to decide, for in the space of an eyeblink a shoulder of the other man intervened, and simultaneously the cage began to sink.

There was need to decide instantly who should follow, who stay on guard. Rupert bade the boy go down by the stairs, while, with a kind of bulldog instinct, he clung to the rooms. The lad was to fetch the manager and the keys of the Keatcham suite.

Meanwhile Rupert paced back and forth before the closed doors, whence there penetrated the rustle of packing and a murmur of voices. Presently Keatcham's valet opened the farther door. He spoke to some one inside. "Yes, sir," he said, "the porter hought to be 'ere now."

The porter was there; at least he was coming down the corridor which led to the elevator, trundling his truck before him.

Doggedly the colonel stuck to his

guard until the valet and another man, a young, clean-shaven, fresh-faced young man whom the watcher had never seen before, came out of the room. The valet superintended the taking of two trunks, accepting tickets and checks from the porter with a thoroughly Anglican suspicion and thoroughness of inspection, while the young man stood tapping his immaculate trousers-leg with the stick of his admirably slender umbrella. "It's all right, Colvin," he broke in, impatiently; "three tickets to Los Angeles, drawing-room, one lower berth, one section, checks for two trunks; come on!"

Very methodically the man called Colvin stowed away his green and red slips, first in an envelope, then in his pocketbook, finally buttoning an inside pocket over all. He was the image of a rather stupid, conscientious English serving creature. Carefully he counted out a liberal but not lavish tip for the porter, and watched that functionary depart. Last of all, he locked the door.

With extreme courtesy of manner Winter approached the young man.

"Pardon me," said he. "I am Colonel Winter; my aunt, Mrs. Winter, has the rooms near yours, and she finds that she needs another room or two. Are you leaving yours?"

"These are Mr. Keatcham's rooms, not mine," the young man responded politely. "*He* is leaving them."

"When you give up your keys, would you mind asking the clerk to send them up to me?" pursued the colonel. "Room three twenty-seven."

"Certainly," replied the young man, "or would you like to look at them a moment now?"

"Why—if it wouldn't detain you," hesitated Winter; he was hardly prepared for the offer of admittance.

"Get the elevator and hold it a minute, Colvin," said the young man, and he instantly fitted the key to the door, which he flung open.

"Excuse me," said he, as they stood in

the room, "but aren't you the Colonel Winter who held that mountain pass to let the other fellows get off, after your ammunition was exhausted?"

"I seem to recall some such episode, only it sounds rather gaudy the way you put it."

"I read about you in the papers; you swam a river with Funston; did all kinds of stunts—"

"Or the newspaper reporter did. You don't happen to know anything about the price of these rooms, I suppose?"

The young Harvard man did not know, but he showed the colonel through all the rooms with vast civility. He seemed quite indifferent to the colonel's interest in closets, baths and wardrobes; he only wanted to talk about the Philippines.

The colonel, who always shied like a mettled horse from the flutter of his own laurels, grew red with discomfort and rattled the door-knobs.

"There the suite ends," said the young man.

"Oh, we don't want it all, only a room or two," Colonel Winter demurred. "Any one of these rooms would do. Well, I will not detain you. The elevator boy will be tired, and Mr. Keatcham will grow impatient."

"Not at all; he will have gone. I—I'm so very glad to have met you, Colonel—"

In this manner, with mutual civilities, they parted, the young man escorting the colonel to his own door, where the latter was forced to enter by the sheer demands of the situation.

But hardly had the door closed than he popped out again. The young man was swinging round the corner next the elevator.

"Is he an innocent bystander or what?" puzzled the soldier. He resumed his march up and down the corridor. The final room of the Keatcham suite (he put it down in his note-book) was 339; the next room was evidently held

by the agent of a Fireless Cooking Stove, since one of his samples had strayed into the hall and was mutely proclaiming its own exceeding worth in very black letters on a very white placard.

"If the young man and the valet are straight goods, the key will come up reasonably soon from the office," thought the watcher.

Sure enough, the keys, in the hands of Winter's own spy, appeared before he had waited three minutes. He reported that the old gentleman got into a cab with his secretary and the valet, and the other gentlemen took another cab. The secretary paid the bill. Had he gone sooner than expected? No; he had engaged the rooms until Thursday night; this was Thursday night.

The colonel asked about the next room, which was directly on the cross corridor leading to the elevator. The detective had been instructed to watch it. How long had the Fireless Cooking Stove man had it? There was no meat for suspicion in the answer. The stove man had come the day before the Keatcham party. He was a perfectly commonplace, good-looking young man, representing the Peerless Fireless Cooking Stove, with much picturesque eloquence; he had sold a lot of stoves to people in the hotel, and he tried without much success to tackle "old Keatcham"; he even had attacked the sleuth himself. "He gave me a mighty good cigar, too," chuckled the red-headed one.

"Hmn, you got it now?"

"Only the memory," the boy grinned.

"You ought to have kept it, Birdsall would tell you; you are watching every one in these rooms. Did it have a necktie? And did you throw that away?"

"No, sir, I kept that; after I got to smoking, I just thought I'd keep it."

When he took the tiny scrap of paper from his pocket-book the colonel eyed it grimly. "A de Villar y Villar," he read, with a slight ironic inflection. "Decid-

edly our young fireless stove promoter smokes good cigars!"

"Maybe Mr. Keatcham gave it to him. He was in there."

"Was he? Oh, yes, trying to sell his stove—but not succeeding?"

"He said he was trying to get past the valet and the secretary; if he could only get at the old man and demonstrate his stove he could make the sale. He could cook all right, that feller."

The colonel made no comment, and presently betook him to his aunt. She was waiting for him in the parlor, playing solitaire. Through the open door the white bed that ought to have been Archie's was gleaming faintly. The colonel's brows met.

"Well, Bertie? Did you find anything?"

"I'm afraid not; but here is the report." He gave it to her, even down to the cigar wrapper.

"It doesn't seem likely that Mr. Keatcham has anything to do with it," said she. "He, no doubt, has stolen many a little railway, but a little boy is too small game."

"Oh, I don't suspect Keatcham; and I wish I had caught the elevator to-night. He looked at me in a mighty queer way."

"Did you recognize his secretary as any one whom you ever saw before?" asked Mrs. Winter.

"I can't say," was the answer, given with a little hesitation. "I'm not sure."

"I don't think I quite understand you, Bertie; better make a clean breast of all you know. I'm getting a little worried myself."

The colonel reached across the cards and tapped his aunt's arm affectionately. He felt the warmest impulse toward sympathy for her that he had ever known; it glistened in his eyes. Mrs. Winter's cheek slowly crimsoned; she turned her head, exclaiming, did she hear a noise; but the colonel's keen ears had not been warned. "Poor woman,"

he thought, "she is worried to death, but she will not admit it."

"Now, Bertie," said Mrs. Winter calmly, but her elbow fell on her cards and spoiled a very promising game of Penelope's Web, "now, Bertie, *what* are you keeping back?"

Then, at last, the colonel told her of his experience in Chicago. She heard him quite without comment, and he could detect no shift of emotion in her demeanor of absorbed but perfectly calm attention, unless a certain tension of attitude and feature (as if, he phrased it, she were "holding herself in") might be so considered. And he was not sure of this. When he came to the words which stuck in his throat, the sentence about Miss Smith, she smiled frankly, almost laughed.

At the end of the recital—and the colonel had not omitted a word or a look in his memory—she merely said: "Then you think Cary Mercer has kidnapped Archie, and the nice-looking Harvard boy is helping him?"

"Don't you think it looks that way, yourself?"

She answered that question by another one: "But you don't think, do you, that Janet is the Miss Smith mentioned?"

His reply came after an almost imperceptible hesitation: "No!"

Again she smiled. "That is because you know Janet; if you didn't know her you would think the chances were in favor of their meaning her? Naturally! Well, I know Cary a little. I knew his father *well*. I don't believe he would harm a hair of Archie's head. He isn't a cruel fellow—at least toward women and children. I've a notion that what he calls his wrongs have upset his wits a bit, and he might turn the screws on the Wall Street crowd that ruined him. That is, if he had a chance; but he is poor; he would need millions to get even a chance for a blow at them. But a child, a lad who looks like his brother—no, I'm sure he wouldn't hurt Archie! He *couldn't*."

"But—the name, Winter; it is not such a common name; and the words about a lady of—of—" The polite soldier hesitated.

"An old woman, do you mean?" said Aunt Rebecca, with a little curving of her still unwrinkled upper lip.

"It sounds so complete," submitted her nephew.

"Therefore distrust it," she argued dryly. "Gaboriau's great detective and Conan Doyle's both have that same maxim—not to pick out easy answers."

Winter smiled in his own turn. "Still, sometimes the easy answers are right. Now, here is the situation: I hear this conversation at the depot. I find one of the men on the same train with me. He, presumably, if he is Cary Mercer, and I don't think I can be mistaken in his identity—"

"Unless another man is making up as Cary!"

"It may seem conceited, but I don't think I could be fooled. This man had every expression of the other's, and I was, too, struck by the—I may almost call it malignant—look he had, not to recognize him. No, it *was* Mercer; he would certainly recognize you, and he would know who I am; he would not be called upon to snub me as a possible confidence man."

"That rankles yet, Bertie."

He made a grimace and nodded. "But," he insisted, "isn't it so? But if he is up to some mischief, any mischief—doesn't care to have his kin meet him—that is the way he would act, don't you think?"

"He might be up to mischief, yet have no designs on his kin."

"He might," said the colonel musingly. A thought which he did not confide to the shrewd old woman had just flipped his mind. But he went on with his plea.

"He avoids you; he avoids me. He is seen to go into Keatcham's drawing-room; that means some sort of an ac-

quaintance with Keatcham, enough to talk to him, anyway. How much, I can't say. Then comes the attack by the robbers; he is in another car, so there is no call for him to do anything; there is no light whatever on whether he had anything to do with the robbery.

"Then we come here. Keatcham has the next but one room. Archie goes into his own room; we see him go; I am outside, directly outside; it is simply impossible for him to go out into the hall without my seeing him; besides, I found the doors outside all locked except the one to the right where we entered your suite; then we may assume that he could not go out. He could not climb out of locked windows on the third floor down a sheer descent of some forty or fifty feet. Your last room to the right, Miss Smith's bedroom, is a corner room; besides, she was in it; that excludes every exit except that to the left. We find Mrs. Wigglesworth was absent, and there were evidences of—an attack of some kind carefully hidden, afterward. But there is no sign of the boy. I watch the rooms. If he is hidden somewhere in Keatcham's rooms, the chances are, after Keatcham goes, they will try to take him off. I don't think it probable that Keatcham knows anything about the kidnapping; in fact, it is wildly improbable. Well, Keatcham goes; immediately I get into the room. The valet and the young man visiting Keatcham, young Arnold, let me in without the slightest demur. Either they know nothing of the boy or somehow they have got him away, else they would not let me in so easily. Maybe they are ignorant and the boy is gone, both. We go to the rooms very soon after; there is not the smallest trace of Archie."

"How did he get out?"

"They must have outwitted me, somehow," the colonel sighed, "and it looks as if he went voluntarily; there was no possible carrying away by force. And there was no odor of chloroform about;

that is very penetrating; it would get into the halls. They must have persuaded him to go—but how?”

“If they have kidnapped him,” said Mrs. Winter, “they will send me some word, and if they have persuaded him to run away, plainly he must be able to walk, and that—mess in Mrs. Wigglesworth’s room doesn’t mean anything bad.”

“Of course not,” said the colonel firmly.

Then, in as casual a tone as he could command: “By the way, where is Miss Smith? She is back, isn’t she?”

“Oh, a long time ago,” said Mrs. Winter. “I sent her to bed.”

“I’ve been frank with you. You will reciprocate and tell me why, for what, you sent her out?”

Mrs. Winter made not the least evasion. She answered frankly: “I sent her with a carefully worded advertisement—but you needn’t tell Millicent, who has also gone to bed, thank heaven—I sent her with a carefully worded advertisement to all the papers. This is the advertisement. It will reach the kidnappers, and it will not reach any one else. See.” She handed him a slip of paper from her card-case. He read:

“To the holders of Archie W.: Communicate with R. S. W., same address as before, and you will hear of something to your advantage. Perfectly safe.”

The colonel read it thoughtfully, a little puzzled. Before he had time to speak, his quick ears caught the sharp ring of his room telephone bell. He excused himself to answer it. His room was the last of the suite, but he shut the door on his way to the telephone.

He expected Haley; nor was he disappointed. Haley reported—in Spanish—that he had traced the automobile; it was the property of young Mr. Arnold, son of the rich Mr. Arnold. Young Arnold had been at Harvard last year, and

he took out a Massachusetts license; he had a California one, too. Should he (Haley) look up young Arnold? And should he come to report that night?

The colonel thought he could wait till morning, and, a little comforted, hung up the receiver. Barely was it out of his hand when the bell shrilled again, sharply, vehemently. Winter put the tube to his ear.

“Does any one want Colonel Winter, Palace Hotel?” he asked.

A sweet, eager, boyish voice called back: “Uncle Bertie! Uncle Bertie, don’t you worry; I’m all right!”

“Archie!” cried the colonel. “Where are you?”

But there was no answer. He called again, and a second time; he told the lad that they were dreadfully anxious about him. He got no response from the boy; but another voice, a woman’s voice, said, with cold distinctness, as if to some one in the room: “No, don’t let him; it is impossible!” Then a dead wall of silence and Central’s impassive ignorance. He could get nothing.

Rupert Winter stood a moment, frowning and thinking deeply. Directly, with a shrug of the shoulders, he walked out of his own outside door, locking it, and went straight to Miss Smith’s.

He knocked, at first very gently, then more vigorously. But there was no answer. He went away from the door, but he did not reënter his room. He did not bear to his aunt the news which, with all its meagerness and irritating incompleteness, had been an enormous relief to him. He simply waited in the corridor. Five minutes, ten minutes passed; then he heard the elevator whir, and, standing with his hand on the knob of his open door, he saw his aunt’s companion, dressed for the street, step out and speed down the corridor to her own door.

The other voice—the woman’s voice—had been Janet Smith’s.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

FOUR POEMS: BY JAMES E. RICHARDSON

SAPPHICS

Low the night-wind sings in the aisles of cedar,
Low and mournful, here by the cooling sandhills;
Low the voice of one who had loved me, pleading,
Calls me and calls me:

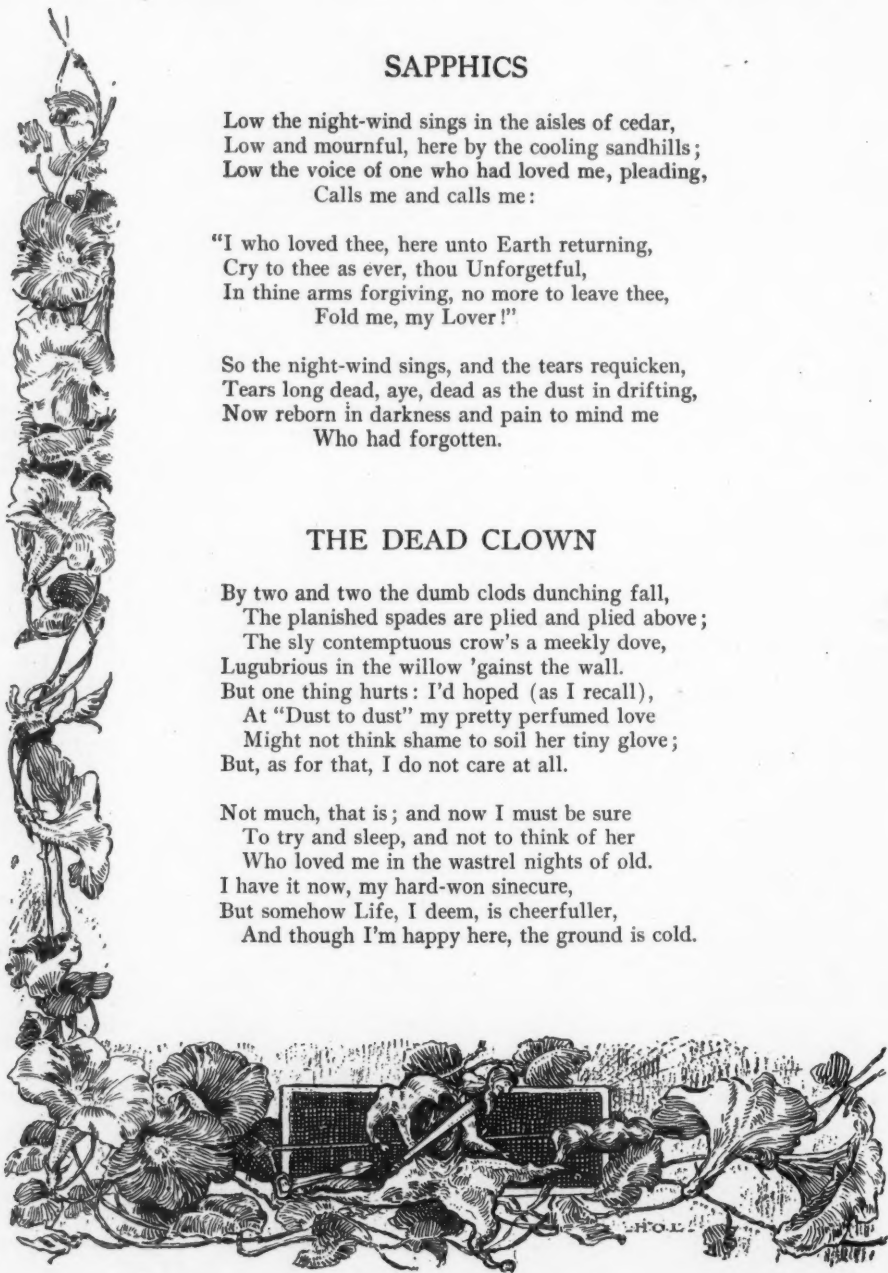
"I who loved thee, here unto Earth returning,
Cry to thee as ever, thou Unforgetful,
In thine arms forgiving, no more to leave thee,
Fold me, my Lover!"

So the night-wind sings, and the tears requicken,
Tears long dead, aye, dead as the dust in drifting,
Now reborn in darkness and pain to mind me
Who had forgotten.

THE DEAD CLOWN

By two and two the dumb clods dunching fall,
The planished spades are plied and plied above;
The sly contemptuous crow's a meekly dove,
Lugubrious in the willow 'gainst the wall.
But one thing hurts: I'd hoped (as I recall),
At "Dust to dust" my pretty perfumed love
Might not think shame to soil her tiny glove;
But, as for that, I do not care at all.

Not much, that is; and now I must be sure
To try and sleep, and not to think of her
Who loved me in the wastrel nights of old.
I have it now, my hard-won sinecure,
But somehow Life, I deem, is cheerfuller,
And though I'm happy here, the ground is cold.



“BEHOLD! THIS BROKEN SHELL”

Behold this broken shell, which in the sere
Still waterpool with idle hand we throw,
To watch the ordered wave-rings till they know
The distant marge, and this which lies anear.
If so we deem that Fate, with vision clear
And hand more skilled, cast thus for me and thee
Some way between this hour and sheer Eternity
One stone whose generate circles bound the sphere
Of Ultimate knowledge; then 'tis ours to see
How thus Time's waves, in backward flight repelled
Unto this near brink where half-blind we stand,
May give prefigurement of the years unspanned,
The dire dread conciousness of things withheld,
Save in wild gleams and rare, from thee and me.

THE SPINNERS

Women, O Women, O Women, O Women, that sing as ye
weep and ye weave,
Will ye rede me the rede of the song that ye sing and the
rune of the rope that ye reeve?
Of a thread of the hair of a love that is dead and a hair of
a love that will be
Do ye weave and ye reeve ere the curtel-ax cleave; but
whereof do ye strand, ye three?

*Oh, Eld is the name of the song that we sing, and the staves
are of Sorrow and Sleep;
And Weird is the name of the rope that we reeve as we
labor and skelloch and weep;
Of Hate with a strand, and with Love of a strand, of the
hair of your heverils twain
Do we reeve as we sing: and we bind them with Dole that
shall be till ye slumber again!*



THE GOVERNMENT OF DEPENDENCIES

"IMPERIALISM"

THE FIFTH IN THE SERIES OF ARTICLES ON

THE PROBLEMS OF THE PEOPLE

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

WEAKENING THE REPUBLIC

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

IMPERIALISM is the policy of an empire, and an empire is defined as "A territory or nation governed by an emperor, composed generally of several countries once separated, but now united by conquest, colonization or confederation." The term does not suggest a homogeneous nation in which the people share in a common destiny and co-operate in the administration of a government which they themselves have created. It rather implies variety in race and method of government, and recalls the Roman empire with its citizen at home and its subject abroad, or the British empire with its parliament in England, its governors-general in Canada, Australia and New Zealand, and its viceroy and legislative council in India.

A HALF-KEPT PROMISE

Imperialism is so objectionable a word that in the United States it is only used in indictments. It is now more than eight years since the word imperialism began to be used in this country, and yet no party has confessed that it intended to establish an imperial policy. For more than eight years we have been administering a colonial system, and yet no party has ventured a platform declaration in favor of colonialism. Strange

that that can be retained which can not be defended!

When the Spanish War was entered upon our nation went before the world with a declaration of its intention, and no nation ever took arms with greater disinterestedness or took more pains to deny selfish connection with the controversy. Congress expressly declared that our nation had no desire to extend its territory and no purpose but to assist the Cubans to obtain the freedom and independence to which, according to our theory of government, they were entitled. That promise has been kept in regard to Cuba, but it has not been kept in regard to the Philippines, although it applied to the Philippines in spirit, and would doubtless have been applied to them specifically if the subject had been presented to Congress.

Porto Rico, where no insurrection existed, welcomed our troops, and, so far as could be observed, desired annexation. The treaty of peace provided for the cession of Porto Rico to the United States. It would have been more in keeping with our ideas of government to have made the cession dependent upon a favorable vote of the people of the island, but acquiescence on their part has given sanction to the action of the two nations in making the transfer of

allegiance. Our country has been slow to clothe the Porto Ricans with the privileges of citizenship; the party in power acting on the theory that the constitution does not necessarily follow the flag. The president, however, has recommended full citizenship for the Porto Ricans, and it is only a question of time when the people of that island will fully share in the privileges and guarantees of our constitution. As Porto Rico is too small to maintain an independent government without outside aid, and so near to us that we could not afford to have her under the protection of any other country, we are in duty bound to admit her to fellowship. It would be unjust to exclude her from the benefits of our co-partnership and then forbid her to associate herself with any other country.

THE BROWN BABY ON OUR DOORSTEP

The conditions in the Philippines are entirely different. These islands have some eight millions of people and are a part of another hemisphere. The possession of them is a weakness to us and an aggravation to them. We can not afford to make them an integral part of our nation, and we can not hold them as subjects without violating all that is fundamental in our traditions and principles. The ocean which separates us from the Filipinos makes it as impossible for them to understand our domestic affairs as for us to understand theirs. They can not share intelligently in the legislation which our country needs, and we can not intelligently devise the legislation which they need. We are brought, therefore, face to face with the proposition whether we shall exploit the islands in our own interests or prepare for their independence. There are two intermediate courses, but neither is likely to prove satisfactory. The first is to tax ourselves for the development of the islands, conscientiously governing the Filipinos with an eye single to their interests. This is

doubtless the plan of those who feel that our occupancy of the islands is providential and that we are in duty bound to take care of "the brown baby left on our doorstep." While such a policy would be entirely inconsistent with our theory of government it is put forth with earnestness by those who have more faith in their interpretation of the plans of the Almighty than they have in our constitution.

PHILANTHROPY AND FIVE PER CENTS.

There are several objections to this plan, one of which is that the Filipinos would distrust our motives and criticize our administration. They could point to our mistakes as evidence of our ignorance of the situation, and to our legislation as evidence of the care with which we guard the interests of the foreign capitalist. Another objection would be made by our own people, who would grow weary of taxing themselves to help others, when that help was resented. Mr. Gage, then secretary of the treasury, said, when the Philippine question first arose, that "philanthropy and five per cent. would go hand in hand." The reader of history will recognize this familiar pair, and will recall many instances in which philanthropy has been taken along to guard the front door while five per cent. has entered the premises from the rear. It was supposed by many that the Philippine islands would prove a great commercial prize, besides being a stepping-stone to the Orient. Now that this delusion no longer inflames the imagination of our financiers, less is said about "duty and destiny." Those who justify wars of conquest for the extension of trade never see the hand of God in such a war unless they also see a dollar in the hand. Experience—a rather expensive experience, too—has convinced even the most sanguine that that Philippine trade costs more than it is worth, and that a harbor

and coaling station would serve as well for a stepping-stone to the Orient as a whole group of islands inhabited by hostile people. No party could long continue a colonial policy which required an annual appropriation to maintain it, an army to support it, and a repudiation of the Declaration of Independence to defend it.

A BIG NAVY OR THE OPEN DOOR

The second half-way policy is that which England employs in dealing with Canada, Australia and New Zealand. This plan permits the colony to have what is equivalent to self-government, the governor-general retaining but never using the veto power. England has only experimented with this policy where she has built up a colony of her own race; she has not attempted to apply it where she is governing alien races. It is not likely that such a policy would be satisfactory if applied by our government to the Philippines. It would not be defensible on principle, for we are not familiar with any theory of government upon which we could justify the exercise of sovereign authority over people who are denied the privileges of citizenship, and no trade advantages could compensate for the expense which the defense of the islands would under such an arrangement entail upon us. England offers the protection of her navy in return for the allegiance of her self-governing colonies, but she has an imperial policy in support of which she keeps a large navy. We would find it much easier to protect the independence of the Philippines than to hold them as England holds Canada, for if the Filipinos were independent we could secure a treaty from other nations by which her independence would be recognized by all in return for equal trade advantages.

The alternative propositions which the American people have to consider are, first, shall the Filipinos be governed

under a colonial policy similar to that administered by England in India? Or, second, shall we treat the Filipinos as we have treated the Cubans, and make them at once a pledge of independence, the pledge to be fulfilled when a stable government is established?

THE FREE MUST GIVE FREEDOM

The objections to the first policy are numerous and, to my way of thinking, conclusive. To attempt to govern the Filipinos as England governs India would be an abandonment of that theory of government which has given to this country its prestige among the nations. A nation which recognizes a hereditary king as the source of power—a government in which the people accept such favors as the king may choose to grant—can have self-government in one portion of the empire and arbitrary government in another portion, but people who believe in the inalienable rights of man and find no authority for government except in the will of the people can not consistently secure subjects by conquest or purchase, or retain them by force. I say "consistently," for a nation can not lead a double life. It can not preach one thing and practise another, nor can it in one place defend as inalienable, rights which it extinguishes in another place.

No matter what advantages may be held out as a reward, a republic can not abandon its foundation principles. The fruits of imperialism, be they bitter or sweet, must be left to the children of monarchy; this is the one tree of which the citizens of a republic may not partake—it is the voice of the serpent, and not the voice of God, that bids us eat.

Imperialism must be viewed from two standpoints, namely, from its effect upon the United States, and from its effect upon the Filipinos.

Viewed from the standpoint of our own people, we find that imperialism can

not be defended without attacking our form of government. During the Revolution Buckle called attention to the fact that the people of Great Britain could not defend their part in the war without asserting principles which, if carried out, would destroy English liberty as well as American liberty. And so we can not defend a colonial policy without asserting principles which, if carried out, would destroy liberty in this country as well as in the Philippine islands.

WEAKENING OUR OWN FOUNDATIONS

Lincoln declared that the protection of our country was not in fleets or armies, forts or towers, but "in the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all people in all lands everywhere." "Destroy this spirit," he exclaimed, "and you plant the seeds of despotism at your own doors." It is not an uncommon thing now for people to speak of liberty as a gift which the people of one country may graciously confer upon the people of another country, and we hear much of the doctrine that only so much liberty should be given as the people are capable of enjoying. All of these expressions betray infidelity to the republican form of government. When liberty becomes a chattel, to be separated from the person and sold at will, the person himself is little more than a political chattel.

The daily denial of the doctrine that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and the constant qualifying and amending of the doctrine of inalienable rights—these can not but weaken the foundation of our own government.

The soldiers who go abroad to give physical support to a carpet-bag government have drilled into them doctrines antagonistic to the ideas of a republic, and those who enter with enthusiasm upon the administration of a colonial government can hardly escape a change

in their conceptions of government. No gold that could be brought back in our merchant ships, if a Philippine colony were really profitable, could compensate us for the surrender of that ideal of government which, planted on American soil a century and a quarter ago and watered with the blood of patriots, has become the hope of the world.

But what of imperialism from the Filipinos' point of view? Well, to begin with, it is objectionable because so long as it is continued the Filipino can not speak in praise of American institutions without exposing himself to the charge of stirring up insurrection. We become the enemies of free government rather than its exponents when we make it unlawful for those living under our flag to espouse the political principles for which the flag stands.

Second, the Filipinos have reason to complain of the expensiveness of our government in the Philippines. American officials do not go to Manila for their health; they must not only be paid as much as they would be paid at home for the same work, but more. The salaries there are higher than the salaries paid for the same work in this country, the members of the Philippine Commission, for instance, receiving more per year than our cabinet officers. Not only are the salaries high, but the officials require larger expenditures for the protection of their health and the health of their families than they do at home.

The high pay of the American official residing in the Philippines leads to an increase in the pay of natives, or there is a discrepancy between the pay of the two classes which is at once noticed.

JUGGLING SALARIES

If the Filipino is paid the same as the American, the expense of the government is still further increased; if, on the other hand, the Filipino receives less than the American for the same class of

work—which is the fact—dissatisfaction is the result. An attempt has been made to conceal this difference in pay by giving more than one office to the American. For instance, the members of the commission receive five thousand dollars per year each as members of the commission; then the American members of the commission are given ten thousand dollars each as heads of departments. This is merely a device to avoid the payment of high salaries to the native members of the commission. The Philippine government could be conducted by Filipinos for at least a half less than it can be conducted by Americans, and the Filipinos would be better satisfied with their own administration than with ours.

The Filipinos can justly contend that the American Congress does not understand the needs of the Filipinos as well as a native government would, and that the resident Americans do not stay long enough to identify themselves with the people. No matter how well-meaning Congress may be, it can not have the knowledge necessary, and no matter how upright in intention the resident Americans may be, they lack the sympathy with the people which is necessary to successful administration. Those who are wisest have the least faith in their own ability to govern others and the least confidence in their lack of race bias. Jefferson, when invited to frame a constitution for a French colony which was locating on one of the rivers of the South, replied that no one outside of their own community was sufficiently acquainted with their history, their traditions and their habits of thought to frame a constitution for them, and yet what the wisest of statesmen in the ripeness of his wisdom hesitated to attempt for a people coming to the United States, some fledgling statesman would confidently undertake for people of another race in a distant part of the globe.

A colonial policy denies to the Filipinos that experience which only par-

ticipation in government can give. There is an educational advantage in self-government; responsibility sobers and trains. Other things being equal, he does best from whom we expect most, for each one desires to win the commendation of his fellows. Some insist that we must govern the Filipinos until their capacity for self-government is developed. If we must govern them until they catch up with us, we have an endless task before us, for, assuming that we are now ahead of them, how can the gulf be closed unless they advance more rapidly than we do? And how can they make more rapid progress in the art of self-government if they are not allowed to exercise their powers at all, while we strain ours by governing both ourselves and them?

THE ONLY AMERICAN PLAN

Should we treat the Filipinos as we have treated the Cubans? That is the only American plan. It recognizes the principles of our government, is in harmony with the wishes of the Filipinos, is justified by their capacity, and is consistent with our commercial interests. If the Cubans were entitled to liberty and independence, so are the Filipinos; no line can be drawn between the rights or the capacities of the two peoples. (The recent insurrection in Cuba has been cited by some as an evidence that they are incapable of self-government, but that argument can have no weight with us, since we had the greatest civil war in history.)

The Filipinos desire self-government. That has been disputed, but my observation in different parts of the islands convinces me that there is no division among the people as to the desirability of independence; some ask for it immediately, some are willing to wait a few years, but all demand it and expect it as the ultimate solution.

Now, as to their capacity; this is the

question upon which the controversy turns. There are two theories, and there is a material difference between them. One is that capacity for self-government is a cultivated rather than a natural quality; the other is that capacity for self-government is an inherent quality, subject to development, to be sure, but a thing that does not have to be grafted upon the parent stalk.

HUMANITY INHERENTLY CAPABLE

The first is the theory of kings. They must assume incapacity upon the part of the people in order to justify their own usurpation. Once admit the doctrine that people below a certain level—a level never yet defined—are incapable of self-government, and you confess that governments rest upon force and force alone, for the king never admits capacity for self-government until the people compel a recognition of their demands.

The second theory is the one adopted by our forefathers. They assumed the capacity for self-government as a starting point, and believed that experience in government would develop the people. The advantage of our form of government is that it suits itself to the capacity of the people; they can make it as good as they deserve to have. It is not that all are equally capable of self-government, for there are degrees of capacity in people, whether for business or government, but, as a rule, people can govern themselves better than any outside authority can govern them. When people govern themselves they are interested in correcting their mistakes, for it never pays the people to make mistakes. But when people are governed from without they suffer from the mistakes of others, and those who make the mistakes do not always have an interest in correcting them.

Every village in the northern group of the Philippine islands has enough

educated men to direct public sentiment, and every year increases the number of those who are intelligent. There are a thousand students in Manila above the bachelor's degree, and there are thousands that have already graduated, and half a million who are now pursuing their studies in the lower schools. Our occupation of the Philippine islands has had one good result—although that result might have been better secured in another way—viz., the increase in education among the people; and to this may be added a common language. But the more we educate the people the more insistent will they be in demanding self-government and independence; the more we train them in the English language the more unity will there be among them in pressing their demands.

The Japanese government rests upon a limited suffrage, less than one-tenth of the adult males being able to vote; and yet behold the progress that Japan has made! I am satisfied that the legislative body to be established in the Philippines in the near future will prove that the Filipinos are competent to select worthy representatives, and that these representatives will be equal to the task of conducting the government.

THE PROSPERITY OF THE SELF-RULED

A word in conclusion as to our commercial interest in the question. How can we extend our commerce in the Orient? Not by forcing our trade upon an unwilling people, but by implanting our ideas and making friends. Only as we teach the Orientals to imitate us can we hope to increase our trade with them. The first fruit of our colonial policy has been to depress rather than to encourage the industries of the Philippine islands; we have cut off the markets that they formerly had and have refused them access to our markets. If we would allow them to make the commercial arrangements most profitable to them, their in-

creased prosperity would enable them to enlarge their trade with us.

The Orient is ripe for the establishment of governments patterned after the American plan. The Filipinos framed a republic like ours, and would be conducting it to-day but for us; the Japanese have a constitutional government which is becoming more and more democratic; the Chinese are preparing for a constitution, and the people of India are demanding representation in their government. By establishing a republic in

the Philippines our government would at once make friends with all the progressive men of Asia. No tie is so strong as that which unites those who cherish the same ideals, and by this tie we could unite to us the hundreds of millions of the Orient. We could draw their students to our shores and send them back to carry tidings of our civilization. Policy and principle join in urging us to extend our influence westward by the same policy that has made the United States the foremost nation of the world.

TRUE LIBERTY UNDER LAW

BY ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

IF by "imperialism" is meant our taking of the Philippines, that is an event so many years in the past that it is no longer an issue. The American people do not fight about bygones.

If, on the contrary, it means American retreat from those islands, it is conceded by all that this must not occur until the Filipinos are prepared for self-government; and that it is an event so many years in the future that it is not yet an issue. The American people do not cross bridges before they get to them.

Or again, if by "imperialism" is meant our present method of administration in the Philippines, where would our opponents improve that administration?

Certainly not in granting more "self-government" to the Filipinos at the present time, since they already have more of that than they are now able to use. This is stated by the Philippine Commission itself, whose members have spent many years on the ground in personal contact with the natives and in actual application of this "self-government." This, too, is the testimony of all students of Philippine conditions—wit-

ness Colquhoun, Ireland *et al.*—who have carefully and patiently informed themselves by actual investigation.

PROGRESS ALREADY ACHIEVED

For example, under American administration the people at the ballot-box elect mayors of the municipalities; they elect at the ballot-box the governors of provinces; and they are now electing at the ballot-box a Filipino Legislature. In addition to this, Filipinos have been thrust into public office everywhere, until the large majority of those who run the government in the Philippine islands are Filipinos. Would Mr. Bryan go faster with "self-government" than the amazing progress in that direction already made or under way? He must necessarily answer "no," because he could not extend practical "self-government" faster than we have done even if he would.

If Mr. Bryan says that he would leave the Filipinos entirely alone to "work out their own destiny," how could that be done?—since the north star is not a more fixed and certain fact than that the

moment we Americans surrender the Philippines either Japan, Germany or England would take them—almost surely Japan. And, of course, it is absurd to say that the Filipinos would be “left to work out their own destiny” under Japanese, German or English rule (and especially Japanese), since we have both present and past examples of what each of these powers does under such circumstances. Witness Japan’s government of Formosa and present absorption of Korea. Though splendidly efficient, Japanese administration of dependencies is autocratic and harsh to the last degree.

If Mr. Bryan would withdraw from the Philippines and insure the Filipinos the opportunity to “work out their own destiny,” keeping out Japan, England or Germany by the device of an American “protectorate,” what then? This—we would have all the responsibility now ours without any of the power to meet its difficulties. For example, the first necessity of government is money. No money means no government, and no government means anarchy. This is true even in the case of highly developed peoples.

WOULD JAPAN GIVE LIBERTY?

Very well! This Filipino government, secured from the aggression of other powers by an American “protectorate,” would be compelled to issue bonds. These bonds either could or could not be sold in the money markets of the world without the guarantee of the American government. If they could not be sold without that guarantee, would Mr. Bryan and the Opposition favor American indorsement of this Filipino indebtedness? If they could be sold without the American guarantee and the government of Japan bought them, as it probably would, and the Philippine government defaulted in the payment of the bonds, as it most certainly would, what

would we Americans do as Philippine “protectors” when Japan demanded the alternative of payment of the bonds or possession of the islands?

We could do only one of three things: First, pay the bonds ourselves. Second, go to war with Japan. Or, third, abandon our “protectorate.” The first would make certain a worse tangle than our present administration of the islands would produce in a century; the second means the shedding of rivers of American blood and the sinking of hundreds of millions of American treasure; and the third means disgraceful repudiation of American honor, pledged in the proposed “protectorate,” and unbearable humiliation in the eyes of sister nations and on the pages of history. All this would be equally true if Germany, England or any other power bought the bonds.

The truth is, as all witnesses agree, that the success of American administration in the Philippines has been impaired, and the progress of the Filipinos themselves in the growth of their personal characters as well as in the development of their land has been retarded by going too fast in crowding New England’s self-government down the throats of Malays who are not prepared to digest it. To use a humble and rather coarse illustration which, however, fits the case, our giving of New England self-government to the Filipinos is like feeding ham, eggs and beefsteak, washed down with coffee, to an infant.

EIGHTY PER CENT. ILLITERATE

This is proved by the following facts: It took us about a thousand years to work up to our present capacity for self-government; and we are a self-governing race. The Filipinos are Orientals, and in all the thousands of years of human history no Oriental people ever established any kind of “self-government” as we understand that term. But

not only are the Filipinos Orientals, they are Malays; and, worse than that, Malays inoculated with three centuries of Spanish medievalism. Again, perhaps eighty per cent. of them can neither read nor write any language; and the immense majority of them do not speak the same tongue. They are as yet not even one people, but a number of tribes, using different dialects, having opposite religious faiths and diverse customs. Until we have finished the system of railroads and highways which we have already devised, the people of one province in the Philippines are farther away from the people of another province than the people of Nebraska are from the people of Massachusetts.

At this point I will leave the Philippines, to return to them after discussing "imperialism" as applied to our administration of Porto Rico, our work in Cuba, and the present situation in San Domingo. Having examined all of these with the brevity which this debate requires, I shall bunch them all together and consider the problems and principles common to all of them.

Next, then, of Porto Rico.

Does Mr. Bryan find any fault with the progress of "self-government" in Porto Rico? Except as to the governor and his executive staff (who are appointed by our American president and confirmed by our American Senate), the ballot is as free and general in that island as in Mr. Bryan's own State of Nebraska. The people not only elect their local officers at the voting booth, but by the same method choose the representatives who make their statutes. And the Porto Ricans have done this, mind you, under American law for the last six years.

OUR GOVERNMENT GOOD EVERYWHERE

If you ask why, if this is good for the Porto Ricans, it is not also good for the Filipinos, the answer is that the Porto

Ricans are better fitted for it than the Filipinos. They are far more cultured and advanced than the Filipinos; they are a compact body of human beings, with excellent roads, in constant and easy touch with one another; and they speak a common language.

Just what improvement would Mr. Bryan suggest? Would he and the Opposition withdraw from Porto Rico altogether? If not, it must be because the American government is a good thing for the Porto Ricans. But if it is a good thing for the Porto Ricans, why is it not a better thing for the Filipinos, since it is admitted that the Filipinos need more assistance than the Porto Ricans? Would Mr. Bryan and the Opposition make Porto Rico a State as Nebraska is? If so, would he permit everybody, including the negroes, to vote—the negroes constituting a considerable percentage of the population of the island?

If he and the Opposition would exclude the negroes from the ballot in Porto Rico, why? since Mr. Bryan and his party have planted themselves upon the academic proposition that "no man is good enough to govern another man." And if he would place the ballot for all officials in the hands of the negroes in Porto Rico, would he do the same thing with the negroes here at home? If not, why the discrimination? Are Porto Rican negroes better than American negroes?

And apply Mr. Bryan's proposition that "no man is good enough to govern another man" to the Filipinos. If it is wrong to govern the Filipinos without their consent, why is it not worse to govern several million negroes in this country without their consent? Or, if it is wrong to deny the Filipinos the ballot in Asia, why is it right to deny the negroes the ballot in America? And, upon the proposition of "government without consent," are Asiatic Malays more entitled to its application than American women?

In this review of our "imperialism" we now come to Cuba. The Spanish War over and the American flag flying from Havana to Santiago, would Mr. Bryan and the Opposition have done differently from what Theodore Roosevelt did? For example, would Mr. Bryan and the Opposition party have immediately evacuated Cuba? If not, they approve our "imperialism" so far as our three years' occupation of that island is concerned. If, on the other hand, they would have withdrawn upon the signing of the treaty of peace, the chaos and bloodshed that would have followed is faintly indicated by what the Cubans did when they were left to themselves with a perfectly constructed government set smoothly going under our guidance and direction.

Again: If they approve our remaining there until the Cuban government was established, would Mr. Bryan and the Opposition have refused to enact the Platt amendment, which established over Cuba an American suzerainty—the most perfect suzerainty, so far as written words are concerned, existing in all the world to-day? Perhaps this question is not fair; for neither Mr. Bryan nor the Opposition disapproved of the Platt amendment. Not a single Democrat in House or Senate voted or spoke against it, nor did Mr. Bryan utter a word of protest; this, too, although, by right of power, merit, and of the affection and confidence of the rank and file, he was then, as he is now, his party's unquestioned leader.

CUBA AND THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Since, therefore, both Mr. Bryan and his party approve of the Platt amendment, do they disapprove of President Roosevelt's "imperialistic" action when the Cubans, left to themselves, ridiculously failed in "self-government" and called upon us to intervene? Had Mr. Bryan been president, and the Opposi-

tion in power, would they have refused to respond as Theodore Roosevelt responded? Would they have held aloof and let assassination, arson and terror riot throughout Cuba?

Is it not better to have an American governor in Cuba, peace sovereign, brigandage suppressed, business prosperous, children in school throughout the island, law observed and industry protected over every foot of it than to have left the Cubans to cut one another's throats and the children to revert to savagery, both of which actually were occurring under Cuban "self-government"? I know that these questions are practically useless, because there is only one answer to them; but I have a right to put them, because it shows how silly is the cry of "imperialism" and how bizarre are academic catch-words when applied to real situations.

"ELECTIONS" BY FORCE OF ARMS

But one more example of American "imperialism" remains—I refer to our response to the cry for help that came to us from San Domingo. It would take several papers like this to detail the history and present conditions in that spot most favored of nature and most abused of man. So I must sketch it in broad lines. Under French rule San Domingo prospered, and, so far as physical comforts went, her people were happy. Up rose Toussaint l'Ouverture, whom Wendell Phillips immortalizes in perhaps his most fervid oration. The negroes, under the leadership of this man, expelled the white race. Then they instituted "self-government"—established a "republic." But nobody ever made a government a "republic" and people "republicans" just by calling them such. It is qualities of character, and not names, that make free institutions—which is a distinction that Mr. Bryan and those who think with him fail to observe.

Under this "self-government" San Domingo relapsed to the level of the qualities of her inhabitants, and the inhabitants themselves "reverted to type," to use the scientific phrase. Their "presidents" were "elected" by that band of outlaws which had the most guns. These presidents were brutal, thieving, ignorant despots, very little above the bloody chiefs that rule in the African jungles of their ancestral homes. Still a form of government existed, and under this form debts were piled upon the miserable people, who, although they received little benefit from the money thus borrowed, yet were and are legally bound to pay it. This debt was Italian, English, German, Dutch, American. Some of it was honest; some fraudulent. It was a terrible tangle, which the San Domingan "government" was as much able to straighten out as a babe in arms is capable of administering the complex affairs of the Standard Oil Company.

The various foreign governments whose citizens held these tens of millions of San Domingan indebtedness were, very properly, demanding payment therefor, and, in default of payment, what amounted to practical possession of the islands. In doing this they were entirely within their rights. We should not have respected those governments if they had not thus cared for their own citizens. For when a government can not take care of the interests of its own people, it had better go out of business. In this situation the San Domingan government appealed to us for aid; and our own citizens were among San Domingo's heaviest and most valid creditors.

RECEIVERS FOR A BANKRUPT NATION

One of two courses was open to us: First, to refuse the cry for help, deny our citizens that aid in the collection of their just debts which every government owes to its citizens. Or, second, to do practically what we have done by treaty

—place an American receiver in charge of the revenues of the island and pay out the proceeds, first, to the running of the San Domingan government, and second, to the extinction of the San Domingan debt—this debt, be it remembered, having had all the fraud cut out of it by an American board and the result agreed to by the various creditor powers.

So we see that by practical examination of actual conditions in the Philippines, Porto Rico, Cuba and San Domingo there not only is not, but never has been an issue of "imperialism," if by that term is meant the doing of something we ought not to have done. On the contrary, if by "imperialism" is meant the general policy of permanently holding and administering government in these various possessions, that, as I have pointed out, is so far in the future that it is not a subject for immediate or even early settlement.

Entering the philosophical discussion of the general plan of territorial expansion and government of possessions (which, however, is academic); we find that every reason of history, of nature and of the character of our race supports this policy. So does geography; so does the progress of civilization, which, speaking by and large, is the all-compelling power that gradually uplifts and advances the world.

THE MOTTO OF OUR BLOOD

No! Expansion is our racial nature. "What we have we hold" is the motto of our blood. Show me an instance where England has set up her permanent dominion over an inferior people which she has withdrawn; an instance where Germany has done the like and withdrawn; an instance where we Americans have done the like and withdrawn. No American public man has ever survived resistance to American territorial expansion; no American political party has ever successfully opposed it; the

proudest monuments of many American statesmen have been their championship of this expanding instinct of our people. For example, in final history Jefferson will be remembered chiefly for the Louisiana Purchase; Seward would be little known to the masses to-day but for his acquisition of Alaska; and William McKinley's name would, in the record of a century hence, have received no more than commonplace mention but for his bringing of the islands of the sea beneath the folds of our flag.

Take the reasons of commerce: We must have more foreign trade. If you do not think so, ask our manufacturers and farmers. It is impossible to have too many markets. Even in our present comparatively undeveloped state we have not enough foreign markets—for we produce a surplus after we have supplied ourselves and all the foreign markets we now reach. The markets of the Orient should naturally be ours. We are nearer to them than any other supplying country of like character to ours, excepting only Japan, which is our natural trade antagonist. Hawaii and the Philippines increased American interest and activity over the Pacific and in the Orient. Explain it how you will, this means trade. The trade of those islands themselves is worth while, but the trade to which they lead will be infinitely greater.

INCREASED ORIENTAL TRADE

This is proved by the increase of American Oriental commerce since we took those islands, as well as the increase of our commerce with those islands themselves. Look at the figures. The total annual sales of American products to the Philippines before we took them was \$94,597—and this in spite of our foolish policy of keeping a tariff wall up between ourselves and our own possessions. It is now \$6,200,620. The total foreign trade of the Philippines before we took them was \$12,366,912. It

is now \$31,917,134. Our sales to Hawaii before we took those islands were \$4,354,290 annually. They are now \$12,036,675 annually. Our sales to China before we took our Oriental possessions were \$11,924,433 annually. They are now \$53,453,385 annually; and this is our direct shipment—our total sales are much larger. Our trade with Oceania was formerly \$22,652,773, and it is now \$35,141,751 every year. This can not be explained on the ground of independent American enterprise, since we were fully as enterprising before we took Hawaii and the Philippines as we have been since. It is explained only by the fact that the attention of the American people has been drawn to Oriental trade, on the one hand, and the attention of Oriental people has been drawn to American trade, on the other hand.

Think of the work England has done for her colonies—her crown colonies. Hongkong and Singapore did not exist fifty and seventy years ago. The site of one was a barren mountain blazing in the tropical sun, with a few score starving Chinese fishermen clinging in a miserable village at its base. Hongkong is now one of the world's most beautiful cities and greatest centers of commerce and civilization. Singapore was a rush-and-jungle-grown island seventy years ago, infested with bloody pirates, savage beasts, poisonous serpents. To-day it is one of the wonders of modern times and an infinite blessing to the people of the whole Malay peninsula.

INSPIRING PARALLEL CASES

Or, take Calcutta or Bombay. It is unnecessary to describe them to Mr. Bryan—he has been there. Yet when the English took them they were noisome culture spots of plague and pestilence—citadels of ignorance and fanatic superstition. Under English administration they have been transformed; and it

is a fact that the hygienic and general municipal regeneration of Birmingham, Glasgow and Edinburgh was inspired by the cleansing and purifying of these decadent capitals of the East.

These are concrete illustrations of what government by an administering and civilizing people does for the backward people thus governed. Is it better to have Hongkong with its trade, serving the human needs of both Orient and Occident, with hundreds of thousands of Chinese employed, well fed, even prosperous, than to have Hongkong still a repellent waste and the miserable Chinese that live around it still perishing of hunger and disease? Is it better to have Singapore with the industry and happiness it has brought to the Malays of the Straits Settlements and the prosperity and power it gives to England, than to have that island once more desolate save for its deadly thickets and their poisonous inhabitants?

WHAT ENGLAND DID, WE MAY DO

Or, put it on a still broader scale. Much just criticism can be made of the career of England in India; and yet, when all is said against British administration of the Indian Empire, the balance in England's favor is so great that in the light of her benefits to that people her errors fade from sight. Before England took India, native princes, the decadent descendants of great, strong, wise ancestors, murderously oppressed their subjects and warred with one another with the ferocity of the tigers of their jungles. There was no law but caprice; no commerce but barter; no care for human health and life but the fakir's incantations and prayers. Irrigation, once highly developed, had fallen into insignificance, and if drought occurred, human beings died by the hundred thousand. There was no sanitation, no knowledge of hygiene, few and difficult highways; and if pestilence broke out in one

section of the country, the rest of the land was helpless to aid.

To-day equal laws are administered all over India by impartial and incorruptible judges with the same exact justice that is meted out in England itself. Railroads and highways cover the land, and if famine occurs in one part, the whole country can send supplies to the afflicted region. Irrigation has been developed until the parched earth yields food for hungry millions. To be sure, famine and pestilence still occur, but in a degree almost infinitesimal compared with the old times. Crime and injustice still exist, but the former period was a saturnalia of cruelty, murder and theft compared with present conditions.

Taken all in all, England's administration of government is one of her people's highest claims to immortality as an uplifting, saving force in the world.

Or, consider the regeneration of Egypt, whose beginnings are quite recent and which still proceeds. Let me use the words of Benjamin Kidd:

"Some seventeen years ago that country, although within sight of, and in actual contact with, European civilization, had reached a condition of disaster through misgovernment, extravagance and oppression without example, as a recent writer who speaks with authority has insisted, 'in the financial history of any country from the remotest ages to the present time.' Within thirteen years the public debt of a country of only six million inhabitants had been increased from three million pounds to eighty-nine million pounds, or nearly thirtyfold. With a submissive population, a corrupt bureaucracy, and a reckless, ambitious, and voluptuous ruler, surrounded by adventurers of every kind, we had all the elements of national bankruptcy and ruin."

Such was "self-government" in Egypt when left to itself. In this condition England took charge, and here is Professor Kidd's summary of the results:

"Within a few years the country had emerged from a condition of chronic and apparently hopeless bankruptcy, and attained to a position of solvency, with a revenue tending to outrun expenditure. Public works which have greatly contributed to the prosperity of the country had been completed; the native administration of justice had been improved. Under an improved system of irrigation the area of land won from the desert for cultivation was enormously increased. The cotton crop, representing one-third of the entire agricultural wealth of the country, had increased fifty per cent. in a few years. The foreign trade increased to the highest point it had ever attained; and the credit of the country so far improved that within nine years the price of its unified stock had risen from fifty-nine to ninety-eight."

In a single word, Egypt's sandy barrens have been made into farms of grain and gardens of fruit; her miserable people, whose degradation was an offense to humanity, have been redeemed, taught orderly industry and enjoy the proceeds of peaceful and unvexed labor; and the debased and disgusting fellaheen have actually been made self-respecting and useful men.

THE HUMANISTIC COURSE

Mr. Bryan is not only a statesman, but he is a humanist just as Lincoln was, just as Roosevelt is, just as every great leader and uplifter of his kind must be. Speaking, then, from the point of view of the greatest human happiness and broadest practical liberty, would Mr. Bryan or the Opposition restore India, Burma, or Egypt to the awful conditions that prevailed there before the English took possession?

But we have conclusive illustrations in our own recent experiences. Cuba is the best of these. Will Mr. Bryan or the Opposition deny that under the three years of American administration in

Cuba the Cubans enjoyed greater prosperity and a larger actual liberty than they ever did before or have known since? They can not deny it, for there is the record freshly written. The few schools were empty; the plantations were deserted and rank with weeds; business had all but ceased; robbers held every highway; pestilence festered in every center of population.

In three years of American administration law was being administered throughout the island; brigandage absolutely extinguished; the highways as safe as the roads of Nebraska; Cuban cities made cleaner than New York; yellow fever exterminated. Plantations were alive with busy and contented workers; business houses were hives of activity, caring for an ever-increasing commerce ever growing in prosperity; the treasury was filled; and hundreds of thousands of children rescued from the bushes were being educated by as fine a corps of American teachers as ever trained the youth of our own republic.

If it is said that Cuba's condition which was thus improved was the result of war and Spanish oppression, the answer is given in what the Cubans did when, having worked these wonders for them, we left them to themselves. It did not take them as long to tear down our splendid work as it took us to do the work itself. When, under the Platt amendment, we intervened, all of the terrible situation which we originally found in Cuba was again fast approaching, and much of it had actually arrived.

ACTUAL, NOT THEORETICAL, LIBERTY

Then came again American administration, and under Governor Magoon precisely the same phenomenon has repeated itself that occurred under General Wood. The people have actual liberty, not theoretical freedom. They have real, not imaginary justice. They are free in the deed and not in the word only, in

spirit and not in letter alone: Churches are unmolested, schools are crowded, and he who will may work and enjoy the product of his toil unspoiled by brigand, unhindered by incendiary or thug.

THE POWER, THE APTITUDE, THE DUTY

The end of all is this: We have come to that estate at which every nation, and indeed every man, in time arrives—the period where we have the power, the aptitude, and, above all, the duty of caring for others. We dare not, we will not, keep aloof, and as a nation give to history, to mankind, and to our God the

answer of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" We will discharge the task set for us to do by a Power higher than our own in the spirit in which He would have us do the work He has appointed us to do, and not in the spirit of glory or gain. Of course, both glory and gain will be two of the minor results, "for profit follows righteousness," saith the Lord. Nothing is more certain, as to nations as well as to men, than that the tree of duty, cared for and nourished, bears the fruit of material reward and the world's applause, as well as the crowning joy of duty done for its own sake.

The replies to these papers on "Imperialism" will appear in the August READER.



THE CAVALRY TRUMPETS

By S. H. KEMPER

The trumpets blowing to the desperate riding,
Our squadrons forming on the long hill's marge!—
Trumpets, O trumpets, with your strepitous chiding,
Blow out the signal for the furious charge!

The angry sunset flaring in our faces,
Up from the hollow South the rushing rain,
A cold wind out of devastated places
Riffing the guidon and the tossing mane.

Kin to all brave emprise and high endeavor,
Lift us, O music; let our hearts not fail!
Link us with all heroic fight forever,
Sib to the seekers of the Holy Grail!

Fly out and fling us far in dust and thunder,
Down through the rushing struggle's fierce increase—
To living victory, to death and the still wonder
Of God's great, sudden Peace.

THE STAKES OF DEFEAT

By BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST

"JUDGE a man's hand by the cards he throws down, gauge his scale of values by what he is willing to lose," the governor was saying. "A leg for a day's hunting, eh, Jack?" quizzically to his brother. "A quiet mind for a girl's smile—you must be easy with them, Miss Dame," glancing from the face beside him to the flushing countenances of the half-dozen young officers. "A collar-bone for a football reputation, I take it, Breckinridge?" smiling at the American. "Even to this fellow Morris what he loses will count for little if he wins his game and escapes us."

"I say, that last clue turned out a fake, then?" asked Jack Durham.

Sudden silence fell upon the table. The governor's voice broke it grimly:

"Yes. He's off, I fancy."

"For which I'll wager the governor's not sorry," confided Durham to Evelyn Dame, "though under the circumstances he's had to try jolly hard to catch the chap; worse luck."

"I am glad he did not succeed!" Her own earnestness provoked the girl to half apology. "He is so plucky, this Morris, he deserves to win out, and, being a fellow-countryman of mine, of course I have to stand up for him, though truly he has caused me any amount of bother."

"You?" queried Breckinridge.

"Didn't you know I had a private indictment against Morris? Let me see," counting on her fingers. "Item number one; he is such a *pièce de résistance* of conversation. I could endure hearing about him once a day, just as one reads the newspapers in the morning and gets it over with, for a little of him really interests me. As steady diet he is too monotonous. Ever since we came here the news or conjecture about him has been

served us as regularly as the clock has pointed to the meal hours. No dinner, not even afternoon tea, is complete without him. I thought I was secure over my coffee and roll, but that is just the time Aunt Emma takes to congratulate herself on having escaped his clutches another twenty-four hours. I believe she regards him in the light of burglar, bandit and abductor rolled into one. You see, not even the governor is proof against him."

Breckinridge pulled his mouth into gravity, while his eyes danced. "Morris is running up a pretty heavy score," he said soberly. "Are the rest as bad as the first charge?"

"Judge for yourself. My second grudge: Morris is uncompromisingly heterodox. He doesn't allow me any freedom of the will. Auntie and I decided to run over to the continent; people tell us we shall be waylaid at every stop by English or Turkish officials looking for Morris. We are invited to the Faynes' villa for a night; the house is under strict surveillance because Morris has been seen in the neighborhood. Third, he's an enigma, and I've always had a prejudice against puzzles. They are an imposition on nice, ordinary, comfortable brains. Who is this man, and what has he done anyway? Offended the sultan, nobody knows exactly how—nobody unofficial, I mean—and the official won't tell, of course. He is an American correspondent for a London daily, and a tantalizing will-o'-the-wisp to the Turkish authorities; that is all I know. Do you wonder I said he had bothered me?"

The men laughed. From across the table Breckinridge leaned toward the girl. "Morris is certainly an ungallant codger, Miss Dame, not to deliver him-

self up to you at once and make a clean breast of his secrets."

"And what would I do with him then, Mr. Breckinridge? Put him in chains, or suppress Aunt Emma and smuggle him off the island disguised as my chap-eron? Poor Aunt Emma! She would not take kindly to suppression. And that would be a shocking trick to play while we are the governor's guests!"

"I'll wager Morris couldn't escape chains after he'd seen you," Breckinridge retorted, with an admiring look.

"By Jove, that's right," said Durham. "None of us manages to go free, Miss Dame. Oh, forgive us," he pleaded, "and I won't do it again—not if I can help it; can't speak for Breckinridge. I say, I forgot you don't like men to tell you the truth. But it slips out so naturally when we're talking to you, Miss Dame."

"Jack means we don't have to lie," explained Breckinridge. "'Pon my honor, that's so."

The girl regarded the two with amused eyes. "You are incorrigible," she said.

But she noted with satisfaction the friendly glance that passed between them.

"Odd case, this of Morris," Durham went on diplomatically. "Political row. I've heard a good bit about the man. Fine chap. Don't know him myself. Wish I did. Sorry he's queered himself with the sultan, for if the Porte gets him he'll have precious little variety in his life for one while, I fancy—and his country can't help him, either. But it's a nasty trick to make the governor halve the hunt. He thinks Morris is off. I hope so."

"At what price, I wonder?" mused Miss Dame. "What does the governor hold he is losing? The chance to roam around Turkey and this part of the world, I suppose. Governor," the soft voice, with its odd little holds and rushes, struck whimsically into the quiet

current of English dinner talk, "Governor, you say a man ventures last the card that he values most. If he wins he can go on playing; but is he ever willing to lose the *chance* of winning?"

Breckinridge answered for the governor. "If he counts the stakes of defeat higher than those of victory."

The ladies rose, and Miss Dame gathered up her gloves and fan to follow her hostess.

"Is there ever a man who does that?" she asked wistfully, stopping for a moment with her eyes on Breckinridge's face. "A man who, if he could have victory, would choose defeat—voluntarily?"

"I know one." He held open the door as she passed out. "It's not to his credit, because he pleases himself. Some time I'd like to tell you about him."

The girl crossed the cool drawing-rooms and looked out on the terraced gardens. They lay mysterious and fairy-like in the half-tropical shadows. The plash of fountains sounded like the tinkle of elfin bells. Against a tangle of rose vines glimmered the figure of an Eros. By day he was a priceless "find" of the governor's, rescued from the picks of careless diggers, a slender marble boy lacking the right arm, with a charming, capricious grace of look, the gift of his old-time sculptor. Night turned back the years and reinvested him with divinity; the gardens became his temple, lying dim under the stars, around him the innumerable fragrances rose like mingling clouds of incense. It interested Evelyn Dame to try to single out the worshipers in the darkness.

"Roses, of course—and syringas, those are girls' friendships, sweet and simple, but sometimes a bit heavy. Isn't that a whiff of lemon verbenas from that parterre? So fresh and spicy, like a nice, quarrelsome acquaintance. And—oh, you orange blossoms! What do you stand for, I wonder? Desire? Hope? No; you are too clamorous, too perva-

sive. You grow more insistent at every breath. Ah, violets—that's for delight, deep down at the heart of things—I don't care what the flower keys say. But you orange blossoms—why should you be so unearthly sweet?"

"Evelyn," her aunt's hand touched the girl's arm. "A word of caution, my dear. Remember, we know nothing about that young man with whom you were speaking just now—a trifle too earnestly, as I thought."

"Mr. Breckinridge? He is the governor's friend." Miss Dame's thoughts flew back to the day a week before when she had first seen the young American as, the sunlight on his hair, he swung up the stone steps of the terraces. He had introduced himself as Richard Breckinridge, and the name, together with his whole-hearted, magnetic personality, had won for him the governor's heartiest welcome.

"Bless me, haven't seen Dick Breck for thirty years—not a ghost of an idea as to his relatives—but I'd know you for his nephew anywhere!"

Then her aunt's voice brought the girl back to the cool drawing-rooms and the moonlit garden.

"True, the nephew of the governor's old friend, but his position, his prospects—I can find out nothing—"

"Oh, you funny aunt! Did you think I was falling in love with him? Well, I am not—at present. So don't worry about his prospects."

She turned to the garden again with a firm little smile lurking around the corners of her mouth.

"Just friends," she announced to the slender god. "Can't your divine nostrils scent mignonette as well as roses?"

Breckinridge's voice speaking to her aunt almost startled her. "You see, Mrs. Eversley," he was saying, "I have come to propitiate the gods. Miss Dame has promised me a ride to-morrow if it holds fair."

Perhaps the gods were friendly; cer-

tainly the face of the island smiled the next day. Scarlet poppies were beginning to light their torches through the purple vetch of the fields. From over the yellow walls that enclosed the fruit orchards came breaths of fragrance, the intermingling of orange, lemon, pomegranate, citron, fig. At the foot of the cliffs the sea laughed and tossed dimpling arms of spray toward the two riders. Wandering breezes puffed at their hair and blew away the lingering heat of the midday sun.

Evelyn Dame drew her horse to a walk and let her eyes feast on the old-world picture before her.

"A veritable island of Elysium," she said. "A rose garden—"

"With thorns." Breckinridge pointed with his riding whip to a placard posted on the wall a rod beyond them.

"What is it?"

"One of the bills offering a reward for Morris' capture. Always Morris, Miss Dame. He shows no mercy to you."

They walked their horses forward and Breckinridge read the notice aloud. The girl sat motionless.

"And while the sun shines and the roses bloom," she said at last, "a man is hunted—for an indiscretion, I suppose—that he may be shut away from it all, from the sun and the roses and the beauty. That is what they will do with him, is it not?"

She shivered and touched her horse quickly. "Let us ride."

With the free rush through the golden air her mood lightened. "Come," she said, and, leaving their horses, they climbed out across the rocks. The incoming tide lapped the shore hungrily, and Miss Dame leaned over and watched the waves break against the stone. Breckinridge had stretched himself on the ledge below her.

"Now," she said, "tell me about that friend of yours, the man who chose to lose rather than to win."

He rolled over on his back and looked

up at her. "He's a man I know awfully well," he began, picking his words with the deliberate air she liked. "He'd made a mess of things and had to dig ditches. That's pretty abrupt. Truth is, he was in a scrape and had to lie low for a while, and he thought the safest way of putting in his time was to dig ditches with a government gang. They were good ditches." Breckinridge contemplated the low line of the horizon for a moment. "I think he'd have made a success of ditch digging," he said dreamily. "He made a mess of other things, as I remarked. But one day, while he was digging, he saw some people, the kind that don't go into the ditch-digging business, you know, and they stopped a bit near him to look at the view, and he saw—oh, well, there were a lot of men and a girl. She didn't see him, I suppose—he pretended to dig pretty hard. He never could get her out of his mind after that, though—oh, yes, he saw her again once or twice. I'm not going to tell you how she looked; you can imagine all that. But just as soon as he laid eyes on her he understood a lot of things he'd never understood before."

Breckinridge broke off and watched the sea in silence. "He'd learned how to spell love, you see."

The girl nodded sympathetically.

"Anyhow, he felt he'd got to know her, and there came the rub. He could have, well enough, if it hadn't been for this scrape. But he thought it all over, and he decided to give up ditch digging. It was a choice between knowing the girl and getting safely out of his hole. Somehow his old life, the life he'd been living, interesting enough, with good fun and hard work and all that, didn't look so attractive to him, now he'd seen *her*, and if they did catch him," he smiled grimly, "he'd have plenty of time with nothing to do but think of her. So he risked it, and they got acquainted."

"I don't quite understand," inter-

rupted Miss Dame. "You speak as if it was very simple. How did he manage it?"

"Nothing easier. Got in with her friends, and they were invited to the same houses. She was a true blue, tall, you know, and gracious, and—and different from the women he had known, not prettier, perhaps, nor wittier, but *different*—a revelation to him. He liked nothing better than just to sit and watch her. There was magic for him in the commonest thing she did. And she was his friend—his very good friend," he repeated.

A little silence fell between them. The girl leaned forward and broke it gently.

"And she—didn't she love him?"

Breckinridge sat up suddenly, a flash coming into his eyes.

"He wasn't a cad!" he cried hotly. "I beg your pardon, Miss Dame, but you don't understand. He couldn't try to make her love him, don't you see? He hadn't any right. He was in a hole, and he couldn't tell how long his ruse would work. No, she didn't love him. She would remember him as a friend, that's all—he couldn't ask any more."

"But," the low voice hurried on eagerly, "what good would that do him, if he didn't get out of the mess, as you put it? Would it pay him for giving up the life he lived and all the things in it he loved just to have known a girl a little while?"

Breckinridge turned his eyes to the far sky-line. "This fellow thought so," he answered simply. "You see, he would have the memory of her."

"Oh," said Evelyn Dame. "Oh!" She rested her chin on her hand and stared down into the blue water. By and by she looked up again, and her eyes were full of light.

"Did he get off?" she asked.

"I don't know; I never heard—that he was caught."

She searched his face quickly.

"I believe you imagined that man!"

"No, honor bright, Miss Dame—"

"Dreaming, Breck?" Durham's shout floated over to them. "Jove! beg pardon, Miss Dame. Thought 'twas just Breckinridge, don't you know. But you'll have to make a race of it for dinner."

Three hours later Evelyn Dame's white gown was trailing over the box-hedged paths of the rose garden. The Englishman and the American paced beside her, discoursing on the world of affairs.

"I have it," cried the girl suddenly. "It is joy."

Durham looked bewildered, Breckinridge frankly amused.

"If only my mind were a kangaroo!" he meditated aloud.

Miss Dame smiled tolerantly. "I mean this fragrance of orange blossoms; it has been puzzling me. You see, I have my own private key to the garden odors, but the orange blossoms have stubbornly refused to be catalogued."

"And now you've decided they are joy?" queried Breckinridge.

"Yes, joy, unalloyed. A little goes such a long way. When I first came I thought I would be content to smell just orange blossoms all my life, they are so delicious, but now I am thankful for the geranium and hyacinth and lilac and all the other odors. Doesn't the fragrance in the orchard pall on you sometimes? I've a fancy joy needs sorrow and



BRECKINRIDGE BROKE OFF AND WATCHED THE SEA IN SILENCE.
"HE'D LEARNED HOW TO SPELL LOVE, YOU SEE"

longing and pain and all sorts of common things to keep it sweet."

"Queer," said Durham, "how a fellow takes most pleasure in the things that have a dash of tears about 'em. Poetry and bad-ending stories, and stuff like that. But I say, Miss Dame, do you place all these scents? What are the roses?"

"They are for love, I suppose. Do you smell those great yellow beauties over there? They are strong, true loves, with the sun always shining on them. And these white ones—what a detached, haunting sort of sweetness they have! They are loves that never find words, girls' loves—"

A step sounded behind them, and Durham turned back to meet the governor, leaving the others to wander on alone for a moment.

"And these? What do these red ones mean?" asked Breckinridge.

"Oh," touching the petals gently with her fingers, "these are the queens of the garden. They are very rare, you know. The governor tells me they make the costliest perfume; perfume that lasts for years and years. Can't you feel even in the darkness how rich and warm and wonderful they are? Their color passes into fragrance."

"And they stand for—?"

The girl bent her face to the splendid roses. "I think," she said dreamily, "they must mean a love like that of your ditch-digger: almost too wonderful even for a garden of dreams."

"Rose culture?" asked the governor. "Or was it attar of roses, Jack?"

"Not exactly either," said downright Jack Durham. "We grafted on love."

His brother suppressed a chuckle.

"Governor," said Miss Dame, "why don't we have new fashions in love-making as well as in clothes? Roses are really hackneyed in that connection, used over and over again in books, and, I suppose, in life. Just imagine the novelty of being able to tell the period a

heroine lived in as easily by the way the hero makes love to her as by the clothes the author puts on her! We have motor cars for horses. Why doesn't some one invent a successor to the old way of love-making?"

The governor cut a long-stemmed red rose before he answered.

"Because that some one is content to let well enough alone, Miss Dame. The most original girl, when she loves, can't improve on the old-fashioned way of saying so."

With mischievous eyes he held out the rose.

"Which, being interpreted, is, She gives him a rose?"

"Precisely so," said the governor, with a bow.

Miss Dame took the rose and poised it lightly in her hand. "Governor," she said sweetly, "won't you walk in the direction of the fountains with me? I foresee we shall have much to discuss together. And besides," she added, as they moved away, "these paths are rather bewildering."

With long days of delight the governor's house party wore on. The islands lay at his guests' disposal; each hour contributed its unique quota to their pleasure. To the American girl at home in a land of clear-cut outlines, of slight perspective, the dim historic blur that softened all contours, the sense of countless antecedent days and nights, wrought a charm doubly entrancing. She had strayed into one of her childhood's fairylands, and the knowledge that this magic realm staged tragedy as well as pastoral seemed only to accentuate the joy.

Now and then Durham would bring her some more intimate information concerning the sterner play than was allowed the rest of the world. "Your *bête noire*, Morris, turned up near Rabbato yesterday," he said once. "Not much chance of a fake this time, I'm afraid. That quashes the idea he was off for good."

"In every fairy-land there are wicked magicians," mused the girl. "This man-hunt is the work of the bad imps. I confess I can not make it seem real. I have only mastered part of the language, I see—the happy words."

Durham and Breckinridge saw to it that she learned no others. Wherever she went, bargaining in the quaint shops of the Strada Reale, following old threads of story along Roman roads, trying the fortunes of the gay canvas-hooded boats that darted like dragonflies over the blue water, one or the other or both the men were always with her, able interpreters. Living, which had never been uninteresting to Evelyn Dame, took on new zest. Half unconsciously she began to attribute this to the presence of the Englishman. Both men liked her, but she recognized a subtle difference in their attitudes. Durham's was that of a lover; Breckinridge never courted her even with his eyes. Therefore, she was frankly friends with the one, and wondered in the depths of her heart whether she might not look to be something more with the other.

She knew the onlookers did not differentiate. Miss Dame had a very fair idea of the appearance of the situation. Her fellow guests considered themselves spectators at a game of hearts, wherein the only unconventional element was the friendliness which existed between the two players. Her aunt openly took sides. A scrap of talk floating from the smoking-room window had told her that the less scrupulous among the officers were betting on the chances. The knowledge vexed her. Love begets love. The girl was honest with herself. She acknowledged she had always been interested in her lovers because of their feeling for her. If, as her blood quickened at a word or look from Durham, her thought sometimes reverted to the story of the ditch-digger Breckinridge had told her, it brought only a half-defined longing. Such love was rare. As for Durham,

was she not perhaps fated to kindle her torch from his flame?

The question was in her mind as Durham and Breckinridge established themselves beside her on the last night of her stay.

"I am turning over the final pages of the fairy story," she said, making way for them on the carved stone seat. "Tomorrow, presto! All this vanishes, and the governor and Mr. Durham will be left to recite *Finis*."

The Englishman gnawed his mustache gloomily. "Worse luck!"

"But you know the closing formula, Miss Dame, 'the princess lived happily ever after.'"

"The old-style ending, Mr. Breckinridge. Moderns think differently. But I hope this is a good old-fashioned fairy tale."

"Let's make it so," said Durham pointedly.

"Or continue it in New York," suggested Breckinridge. "You will be coming home before long, won't you? To America, I mean. Look for me on the pier as you steam in. I'm counting on seeing you next fall—if I may." There was a sparkle of exultation in his eyes. "I'm off for home to-morrow."

"I may manage to see you in Athens, Miss Dame," said Durham. "I'm thinking of running over to the States next winter, too. I've a cousin in New York, and I must say I've been beastly stupid about her invitations."

The girl glanced from one to the other; from Durham, the well-groomed Englishman, with that touch of doglike devotion in his eyes, to Breckinridge, his whole vigorous young body breathing a gay abandon he had never before allowed to slip beyond his cool control. Her glance dropped from his, and a little flush rose in her cheeks.

Years after for Evelyn Dame the faintest scent of orange blossoms mingled with roses would invoke the spell of that night; the warm darkness, fragrant

with a hundred half-tropical odors, the splash of fountains and the quiet flow of voices broken by soft laughter, the witchery of light and shadow in a centuries-old garden, a garden which afterward seemed to her to have been created only to fall away in dramatic background from that file of soldiers on the lower terrace. The governor was talking with the sergeant in command. They turned and came up the steps. By some strange foreseeing the girl knew at the moment that, though she grew to be an old woman, she would never outlive the memory of what was at hand. Remembrance of other nights and days might pass; youth, joy, the rest of memory life might outstrip, but the lines of that picture would neither blur nor fade. Like a scene from some mental vitascope endowed with sound, it would endure.

"Morris!" the governor was saying, with an incredulous catch in his voice, "Morris!"

Breckinridge tossed the fair hair back from his forehead, rose quickly and stepped forward. The gladness had died out of his face, leaving it very quiet.

"Yes, Governor, it's all right," he said clearly. "I'm mighty sorry, but that is certainly my name—Morris, Richard Breckinridge Morris," he added.

Men jumped up with amazed exclamations and crowded forward. Mrs. Eversley screamed. Her niece did not heed her. She had ears only for that deep, easy voice speaking his few words of explanation and apology.

"One moment, sergeant." He shook off the officer's restraining arm and turned. Durham met him with outstretched hand. Then Breckinridge stood before her.

"I did not pay too high." He spoke low. "And you—you will forgive and forget?"

Afterward, when he had gone out along the rose walk that led past the Eros, his guard's sleeve brushing the god's arm and sending a shower of

glowing petals over the slim figure; when the first shock had passed and the instinct for readjustment had asserted itself; when the exclamations had ceased and groups talked quietly, not without sorrow, then it came to her that she had not answered him.

Why had she been so stupid? To stand there silent and only give him her two hands! There were so many things she might have said. Now that the chance was past, they crowded in upon her consciousness. Her outward presence mingled with the governor's guests, moved, spoke, listened. Her mind, like some lost thing, went round and round, continually formulating the answers she might have given. It made her brain dizzy. Breaking away, she tried another path. All the things that Breckinridge had said and done in those two weeks of her acquaintance with him rose up and ranged themselves before her. By and by Durham drew her into the garden. Her passing disturbed the white night moths till they fluttered in a sleepy cloud above the yellow roses. But the immediate necessity for a personal application of Breckinridge's story of the ditch-digger would not be denied. Dimly she felt Durham was saying something important, something she could not understand, for she had no attention to give it.

Once he waited for her to make reply, and when she did not speak he stooped and looked keenly into her face.

"Oh—forgive me," she said quickly. "I am very rude to-night. I am afraid I did not understand your question. I—we are all rather upset. If you were to ask it again—"

When he spoke, what he said proved not so important after all. Some simple remark about the beauty of the great white moths. But she noted a new gentleness in the way he put her slipping scarf about her shoulders, and when he took her back into the drawing-rooms he stayed near her and, without seeming to do so, monopolized the conversation, that



Drawing by George Brehm

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EVELYN HAD EARS ONLY FOR THAT DEEP, EASY VOICE SPEAKING HIS FEW
WORDS OF EXPLANATION AND APOLOGY

she might be silent unnoticed. Evelyn was grateful, and with her good night tried to tell him so, yet it was luxury to be at last utterly alone.

The evening reminded her of a chemistry experiment in her college days, when into a familiar-looking liquid she had dropped a reagent and the precipitate had not been what she had expected. She did not recognize herself. She did not know what she wanted or how she wanted it. She was too confused. Of only one thing she was sure: she must contrive—through Durham, perhaps—to let Breckinridge know he had not vexed her.

The chance almost passed her by. The last hours dragged themselves away and she did not see Durham alone. The experience of the night had made him strangely old and busy.

A little crowd gathered at the steamer to see the Americans off. The governor had stripped his rarest bushes to heap Miss Dame's arms with roses. Her cheeks seemed to catch fresh beauty from their glowing color. In the sight of the young men about her she was altogether satisfying. A shy, elusive gladness dwelt in her face and in her eager eyes searching the shore.

"Durham's lucky," groaned one. "Where is the beggar anyhow? Why's he not here?"

"Stopped to see Breck—Morris, I mean. Jove! I pity that chap! Lost his game—lost both games."

"There's Jack!" interrupted an officer. "I thought he was going to miss it."

They made way for Durham as for one whose right is unchallenged.

"Plucky as ever," he said, answering the unspoken question in the girl's eyes. "Asked me to wish you *bon voyage*, Miss Dame."

He turned to Mrs. Eversley.

The gong struck. All was hurry, the exchanging of good-bys. The officers vowed undying remembrance. Evelyn heard her aunt pressing Durham for a promise to visit them in New York. A dull ache woke in her heart. There was to be no time, no chance.

Durham put aside the last man peremptorily. "And what message shall I take from you to Dick?"

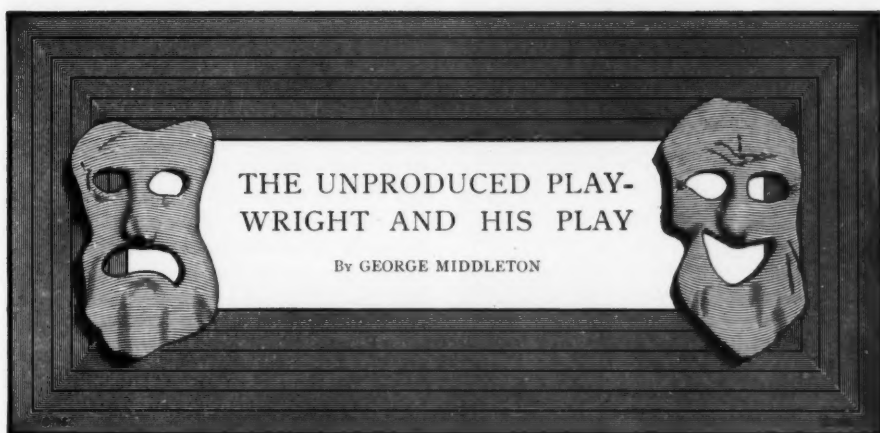
There was but one moment left.

"Trust me," he said gently.

Evelyn Dame lifted one of the red roses from the mass on her arm. Her thoughts were back in the governor's garden. After all, old-fashioned ways were best. "He will remember," she said, "and understand."

The young man leaped ashore with the rose in his hand. Mrs. Eversley smiled content. Soon she turned from the rail, but her niece did not follow. She stood a long time looking back over the water, watching the terraced city fade into a dim tracery of domes and spires, its shipping into a mazy network, its forts into blurring lines in the clasp of the swift-coming twilight.





AT times it would seem as if everybody everywhere, without regard to profession or position, was writing a play. There is a subtle fascination about the stage that appeals strongly to the imagination and drives one through many hours of labor and many reams of manuscript. Perhaps it is the creative spirit legitimately trying to express itself in the form of drama, but it seems more plausible that the great financial rewards that a successful play is believed to bring inspires this universal interest in playwriting. It would do no good to recite the almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of such success, nor would Punch's advice about matrimony stop the ambitious author. So one must accept the situation and, if possible, try to guide, in a humble way, the writers who are eagerly seeking a production. For only by productions are authors made accepted dramatists.

With thousands of plays copyrighted annually in Washington and with managers at their wits' end for new plays, why is it so few, by unknown writers, are produced? The obvious explanation is that the plays are bad. But while this may effectually dispose of a great number of useless attempts at playwriting—which are little more than a mosaic of

unrelated scenes or a string of dialogue—unfortunately, it does not quite answer the question or explain the situation. There are doubtless skilful writers whose plays never see the glare of the footlights, whereas others, with less skill, less culture, easily find a market for their wares. It is on this phase that I desire to comment, for perhaps I may be able to suggest several helpful things to the playwright with his first play. Had Don Quixote known a little more about windmills he might have approached them differently. The average business man surveys the ground before he invests his money. Yet the ubiquitous playwright is often absolutely ignorant of theatrical conditions. What, then, are these conditions? And what should the unproduced playwright do to avoid unnecessary friction?

In the first place, the manager is a business man; he is looking for the play that will make money. Whether this is art or not, is from the point. Facts, not criticisms, illuminate conditions. The manager generally takes all the risk in producing a play; he pays for the scenery, the advertising, the traveling expenses, the theaters and the salaries. The playwright does not invest money; he only contributes the play. So, it is

natural the manager should seek an adequate financial return. Should the author succeed in placing a play with the manager, he, too, will generally share in the profits. Consequently, the beginner must bear this commercial aspect in mind, for if he wants to interest a manager his play must offer possibilities of financial success. A play from an unknown pen, requiring a lavish outlay, will seldom be considered, since a manager can not afford the risk of so great a failure. A simple play with simple settings, without costumes, will appeal more strongly; for it must be emphasized that a manager invests his money in a play *before* he knows anything about its prospects. No one can tell what they are till an audience sees it acted. And it is this final test, rather than the mere outlay of money, that is most to be considered; for the audience is the real autocrat that makes or breaks. As a result, the manager strives to discover

what the average theater-goer wants, and, from experience, the producer has made several deductions, which, though subject to countless exceptions, have become settled convictions. It is these convictions the beginner must consider, for while the audience might ultimately sustain him if he violates them, he will not get to an audience unless the manager first believes in his play.

A play should not be disagreeable or offensive; it should please. The stress of modern life is bringing to the theater more and more men with tired minds and tired emotions who prefer to see some phases of life as they should be rather than as they are. Nor does the average audience want to see the stage a clinic, and the manager most certainly will not consider a play that is wrapped in iodoform. The theater is no place to examine the scrofulous blotches that creep over much that is beautiful in life. Hence, the abnormal sex problem, the intricacies of mental diseases, and many disgusting social complications are most certainly debarred to the young writer seeking production. It is well, also, to keep in mind that the audience is a mixed assemblage of all creeds and beliefs, and no manager will deliberately noose himself with plays that will offend sectarian prejudices. He will also avoid the consciously didactic drama—one with too obvious a desire to teach lessons of life. If life is only pictured, the audience will get the message, but somehow it does not want to feel it is being instructed. The subject-matter of a play, then, is vital to its acceptance by the business manager.

The student of the drama will doubtless recall that many of the great masterpieces of the world are founded on disagreeable themes, but the manager is not concerned with the past. Ibsen, with all his wonderful penetration into the foul labyrinth of life, is not a "good" proposition. What manager would produce Strindberg's distorted studies of femi-



MADELEINE LUCETTE RYLEY

Mrs. Ryley wrote over thirty plays before scoring such a success as "Mice and Men," played by Forbes-Robertson and Gertrude Elliott.

ninity? Those who desire to read deep into life, relish the great masters who present so many intricate human problems; but again the young writer who wants to get his play produced is not concerned with this limited class of theater-goers. He must not think, consequently, that morbidity is virility or that the avoidance of these specialized human emotions detracts one bit from the force of the great normal passions that sway men and women. Indeed, the healthy casual facts of life are often more difficult to treat than many of the miasmic problems that fascinate the masters, and many good commercial plays have the merits of the masterpieces. So, while it has become the fashion to attribute genius to the misunderstood, surely the ability to feel and to present the natural facts of life is also of some merit. For do not these natural facts make the greatest appeal to the greatest audiences? This is why very often the path of least resistance to a manager's check-book lies along the highways of common experience.

Obviously, the play that has the greatest appeal will have the greatest probabilities for acceptance. The manager is looking for "heart-interest." Husband and wife, parent and child, lover and lass, we are all tied to these by our heartstrings. We have a real sympathetic interest in their happenings because we understand. Consider any of the great perennial plays and see how true this holds. Recall "The Old Homestead" with its fundamental story of a father seeking and saving his son who is slowly going to ruin in a great city. Back of all the drama of the city is shadowed the charm of the old home with its simple ideals. It is no mere accident this play has lasted so long. Time will never gray "East Lynne"; bad as it is in motivization, it has lived because of the strong appeal made through the mother's love for her child. To illustrate further this demand for heart ap-



CHARLES KLEIN

Author of two of the wonderfully successful plays of recent years, "The Music Master" and "The Lion and the Mouse"

peal, think what a stock situation self-sacrifice is, and yet, it seldom fails. It is probably true that we all think we'd like to be martyrs. In each of us there is a genuine sympathy for a man on the stage who loses all to save another. Had *Camille* not given up *Armand*, the theater would have given her up long ago. She makes the great sacrifice for the welfare of the man she loves and thus becomes one of the great dramatic fixtures. *Zaza* turns her lover out of the house, but to her own detriment she refuses to destroy his home because of his child. In the dramatic version of "The Tale of Two Cities," in order to bring happiness to the woman he loves, *Sydney Carton* substitutes himself for her lover and goes to the guillotine. "Beau Brummel," "Arizona," "The Music Master," "Cyrano de Bergerac" and



ARNOLD DALY

The young actor who leaped into prominence by his interpretation of G. Bernard Shaw's plays

other successes may be mentioned that contain this element of self-sacrifice. Of course, the variations of heart-interest are numerous; but these few examples may serve to show that the manager believes in a play which comes near our own personal experience.

Naturally many instances will spring to mind to prove that plays have succeeded without this heart-interest. A good example was the late remarkable vogue of G. Bernard Shaw. Certainly "Man and Superman," "You Never Can Tell," and "Candida" are devoid of anything sentimental. George Ade's "The College Widow" and "The County Chairman" were also quite removed from it. "Sherlock Holmes" had nothing but an exciting struggle between a criminal and a famous detective. But these will not alter the fact that, in the new playwright, heart-interest is the thing most potent; for the plays devoid of it that

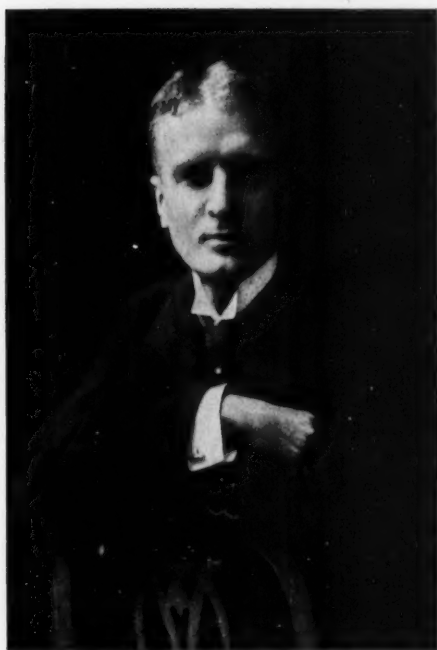
have succeeded are generally exceptions, and an exception is a bad thing for a beginner to follow. Often outside influences cause interest. Shaw is a fad; Ade, a humorist; Sherlock Holmes, the best advertised detective in fiction. They would serve as bad models, for no one would imitate their virtues. Again often plays will live by reason of an actor's associating with some particular play, as James O'Neill in "The Count of Monte Cristo" or Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle." But these are hardly normal examples and too rare to influence the young writer.

Though one's story may be pleasing and the underlying theme a sympathetic one, a play that is badly constructed has naturally little to recommend it to a manager. Again there are exceptions, but it is wise for the unknown dramatist to build well. We must assume some



GEORGE ADE

Who gave up writing successful "Fables" to write even more successful comedies



WILLIAM GILLETTE

Who takes stellar roles in the plays he writes

technical knowledge, or playwriting is hopeless at the start. If one is lacking in the scenic sense—that is, in the ability to put a scene together so that an audience will see its cardinal points—or if one has no intuitive feeling for what is “of the theater,” he is no more prepared to write a play, let alone sell it, than an architect is to build a house without plans. If he has this knowledge, realizing that a play is a struggle, he will unfold his story clearly through a series of cumulative scenes, properly climaxed, and containing the *scène à faire*—the scene in which the inevitable and final explanation must occur. Each scene of a play must be a loss if omitted. All sub-plots should contribute to the main plot and its *dénouement*.

Of course a too conscious loyalty to technic often kills ease and spontaneity: episode and color relieve the rigidity of the scheme, provided they are not too

important in themselves. It is here, also, that dialogue plays its important part; for if free, and immediately appealing, it gives grace and naturalness to the well-planned play. Then, too, the dialogue should be in character, should advance the story, and, above all, should be interesting. In it lies the author’s wit, that tickles the intelligence; and the humor, that strokes the gentler emotions. But no mere glittering gaudiness of words is of any use unless it cloaks a human story.

Even though a play is ably written—and one can scarcely go more deeply into play construction here—even though pleasing in theme, and fundamentally sympathetic, there is still another very important condition on which its acceptance may depend. It is a realm in which practical experience proves the best guide, and where any advice will necessarily be very inadequate. Yet this hap-



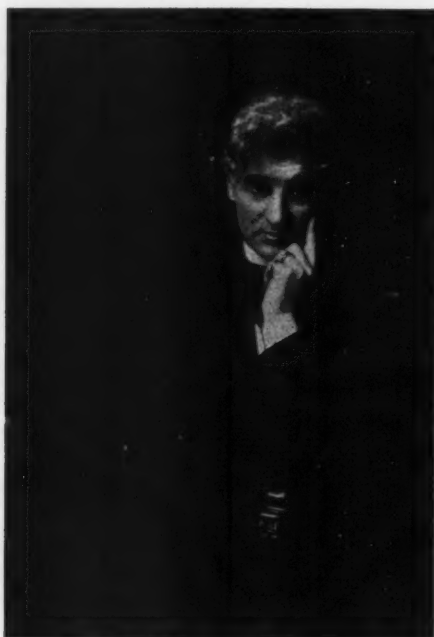
WILLIAM A. BRADY

A well-known manager who has brought out many successful new plays

pens to be, at present, one of the most pronounced features of the stage in this country. So much has been said about the "star system" that one need only call attention to the star's attitude. It is asserted that the public pays to see personalities; that the play is not a show wagon, but a vehicle. In a way this is true, but no star can succeed in a bad play—bad in point of plot, character, dialogue or interest. Dramatic monologues have ceased to be absorbing and stars themselves are now admitting it. But, while the condition a few years ago was conducive, even more than now, to weak scenes and bad psychology; while playwrights ceased to be original and simply became tailors, nevertheless, it is still quite obvious that the star, who is being featured, and in whom the manager is financially interested, should at least predominate over the other members of the cast. Now it is just here that

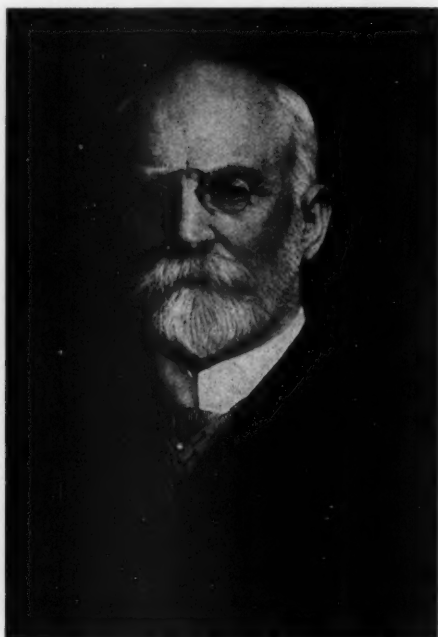
the beginner in playwriting does not take account of conditions. Knowing this fact, he should endeavor to focus the interest of the play on some one part and make that more attractive than any other. The star should dominate all the scenes in which he figures; he should "have the curtains." But more important than mere length of part is perhaps—and it is the most vital thing of all—that the star's rôle must be sympathetic. The audience must never question his actions at the time. It must not think with him, it must feel with him; he must be always right, not necessarily right *ethically* but right *sympathetically*. He may do any wrong in the calendar, provided the audience pities, not blames.

This particular point is so important to the acceptance of a play that one may pause and illustrate what is meant. In a play now running in New York, for instance, a woman who has committed a



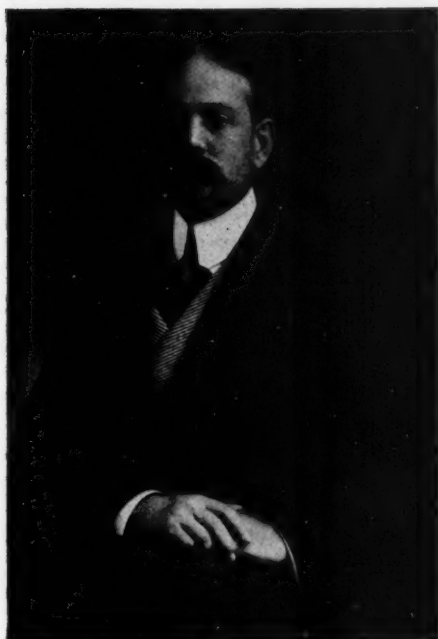
DAVID BELASCO

Mr. Belasco hesitates at no expense in producing his marvelous theatric effects



BRONSON HOWARD

President of the American Dramatists' Club; "the dean of American playwrights"



WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

First known as a poet, Mr. Moody studied the art of the drama and wrote the powerful success "The Great Divide"



EDWARD MILTON ROYLE

Who first came into prominence by writing "The Squaw Man," in which Faversham starred last season

fault and been deserted by the man she thought her husband, becomes an army nurse. While there, another woman passing through the lines is shot. As this woman was going to live with relatives in England whom she had never seen, the nurse, thinking her dead and desirous of beginning anew, takes her place and goes to England. Here she enters a lovely home and in short order a minister wants to marry her. Of course, the big scene occurs when the real woman returns and confronts the impostor. Now, ethically, there is absolutely no excuse for the story. The plea of the impostor will not bear sensible analysis, yet, sympathetically, the audience is with her and desires to see the real woman cast into the streets. If one stopped to think, the play would fall to the ground; but the audience only *feels* the impostor's desire to live a good life

without realizing to what extent the other poor woman has suffered. Now every trick in the trade is skilfully utilized to make the impostor's a sympathetic rôle. The father is made a scoundrel, yet she forgives him, and hence wins sympathy; her fault was committed when she was very young and very innocent; she has been driven from place to place, as it never happens in life; she indulges in all sorts of good works in her stolen position, and, most of all, when the two women meet in the first act the nurse is made unusually appealing by contrast with the other woman, who is absurdly cold and brutal. Yet the play, vitalized by the star's wonderful acting, is a big success, mainly because the spectators sympathize and do not analyze, and, further, because they do not blame her in anything she does while she is doing it.

Nobody really blames *Raffles* because, while ethically wrong, he is sympathetically interesting. *Captain Swift*, *Jim the Penman*, and many of the notorious gentlemen who have blotted their lives on the pages of history, are on the stage appealing characters, whose wrongs are accident, and whose vices are decorative without being harmful. Only occasionally, where an actor has a large personal following, can he assume an unsympathetic rôle.

You can't have an income till you have an outlet. After the play is finished, where and how is the author going to place it? Here we come upon the windmills! Often a completed play is a white elephant. It can, of course, repose conveniently and inexpensively in a manager's desk or in a star's trunk. Frankly, the chances against the unknown writer are almost hopeless. Seldom, if ever, is a play taken that is "just sent in." True, even the successful men

have had to begin, and new writers are coming to the fore every day—but of that later. The unknown writer has several openings to get his play read. It may be sent to a big manager, but he is a very busy man, and while it is turned over to his play-reader, it seldom comes to the manager's personal attention. The star herself may read it, but alas, she, too, has so much trash sent her that no one can blame her for her little interest in the unrecommended manuscript. Besides, she is not always free to choose her own plays. Then there is the play agent. Here, perhaps, if the play has any merit, the opportunities for placing it are best, for the agent at least knows who are in need of plays much better than the writer himself. Few playwrights can afford the luxury of an "angel" to back their plays and put them on. Though several authors have fortunately come before the public that way, it may be consolation to know that all plays produced are not offered on their merits alone. Very often the author himself may pay for the production.

What, then, is the best help to placing a play? The first thing that comes to mind is personal contact. Only in this way is it possible to be known and to know the wants of the stage and its people. For, while the stage door has hurt many a man not strong enough to remain individual, surely slow advancement this way is better than stagnation, which is bound to happen unless one is in personal touch with the people who need what one has to offer. This is the way most successful writers have begun. It is just here that the man who is on the spot—and that spot is New York City—is more likely to advance than he who is removed from the heart of theatrical activity. Here gossip soon whispers that a play has failed, and this may prove opportunity for placing a manuscript. If a manager is suddenly thrown into a lurch, he will often be forced to give an unproduced playwright a trial,



ELIZABETH MARBURY

Miss Marbury is the most widely known dramatist's-agent in the country

provided generally, however, that the manager has known something of the author's ability and is interested in him.

Sometimes it will be easy to get a small star interested in a play. Road production will help much, for if the play "makes good," sooner or later the author will get a New York hearing which is the crown of his endeavor. Or, if one is willing to get a production without compensation, one can send a play to Franklin Sargent, of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, Carnegie Hall, New York. Mr. Sargent is always looking for plays in which the students may appear in public performance. These productions often attract attention, and many one-act plays here produced have eventually been sold for vaudeville and curtain raisers. At the least, it offers an opportunity for the manager to see the play acted, and that is much better than having it to read.

Should an author be fortunate enough to have his plays considered, why, he asks, are they rejected? Aside from the reasons mentioned before—unpleasant themes, unsympathetic parts and expense—there are many other causes. Very often the period militates against acceptance. At present managers fight shy of costume plays: a modern play will receive more careful attention. Colonial and revolutionary plays, unless written by well-known dramatists, are hardly ever considered. This naturally suggests the many prejudices stars and managers have. Some believe the chances are against the play in which the principal story revolves about husband and wife; some pin their faith only to the plays of modern life. Another will not read farce comedy; another will only deal in musical plays; some will frankly acknowledge that a play is good but will not touch it. One seldom hears of a poetic drama being produced. Often bitter financial loss has made a manager skeptical, and one can scarcely blame his diffidence.



OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN

A manager who risked all his money on a single theatrical enterprise—and won

But plays are very often declined through lack of judgment. The anecdotal literature of the drama is full of such examples, and perhaps disappointed playwrights may find consolation there. "My Friend from India," "Leah Kleschna," "Nathan Hale," "Captain Swift," are a few that wandered many years before production. Good plays have been rejected and bad ones taken. Just as much money has been lost on good plays that some one else got as on bad plays produced that nobody else wanted.

There is still another reason why the unsolicited plays are not accepted. These are the reasons that are not explained. They may be temperamental: the actor may not feel equal to the rôle; they may be physical: the actress may not look well in boy's clothes. Then there are the "previous plans." You never know what any manager has up his sleeve till he takes his coat off. Very

often he has contracted with a professional dramatist to furnish his star with a play. It is quite natural the manager turns to the dramatist who has made a success and knows his business rather than wait for the man that has not arrived. The manager can not trust to chance to bring him a practical play. Besides, the dramatist knows the star's methods and will fit the part to his or her personality. This kind of work often spoils the playwright, since it limits his scope, and it often discourages creative acting by keeping a star in a certain line of parts; but it is claimed that this is what the public wants. So when manuscripts come back without criticism, perhaps a few of these reasons may explain the possible cause of rejection.

But, if by chance a play is taken, after the contract is signed and the play put into rehearsal, the playwright is by no means finished with his task. In fact, very often "here begins his sadness." This is not the place to go into long comment concerning the changing period of a play. The cutting and padding, the rearranging and building up, the thousand and one things that must be done before the play is produced are proverbial. At this critical point many a play has been ruined through lack of sympathetic understanding of the playwright's intention and many a play saved by the manager's instinctive appreciation of its faults. Certainly this is the most trying time for all concerned and an experience every one is glad to get through with.

And when the play is produced, on what does success or failure depend? Seldom on the play alone. So many things contribute to a good or bad production: an unusually good or extremely bad cast, a sympathetic or a cold first-night audience. Often an accident may mar or save a play. The size of the audience, the timeliness or lateness of a production, the popularity of a star—these are but a few of the things upon which thousands of dollars depend and

by which the heart of the unseasoned writer is made to bound or stop. Success makes all things easy; managers then gladly take the plays they previously rejected. Failure harms no one. A writer who has had a play produced is a dramatist; he will have his hearing ever afterward. The unproduced playwright, with what may be a good play, will have second choice. For in the theater it is what a man has done that counts. In the rush and tear of this vertiginous profession accomplishment is the only standard by which a man is judged.

If people will write plays they should endeavor to keep in mind certain theatrical conditions. These demand that a play should be a commercial proposition which seems to depend upon the quality of the story and the sympathetic opportunity it gives the star. Though a play may be well written, it is very difficult to get it produced because of so many different and ever-changing reasons. Even after it is accepted and rehearsed a playwright must still labor on it, and success and failure are not always in his hands. If, however, success does come, the rewards are a most generous compensation.

A successful playwright is quite a curiosity. The field is large for him to develop, and the opportunities greater than ever before. But he who succeeds will learn it is from his disappointments that his royalties come; not from his plays. He will succeed because he has recognized conditions, accepted them, and then risen above them to command where he has once obeyed. Because he has been persistent in endeavor and hopeful, not of immediate, but of ultimate success. Because he has learned a little about windmills before he rushed madly, if heroically, upon them. This may not be very ideal, but it is fact, and the sooner the would-be writer of plays finds it out, the better for his peace of mind and for his chances of success.

THE DREGS AND THE FROTH

By GUSTAVE FREDERICK MERTINS

Author of "The Storm Signal"

AS Joseph Kershaw lay drooling in the sand in front of his mother's home, his mouth half open, his vacant eyes staring at nothing, and his claw-like hands aimlessly scooping up the dirt, somebody named him "No-head Joe."

The home itself was of a type formerly general in the piny-woods or wire-grass section of southern Alabama. It was built of skinned logs, and there were two rooms with a wide hallway between, a stick chimney standing at either end. It was old and weather-worn, and a single glance sufficed to impress one with its history of continued neglect and abuse. There was no yard about it and no fences. A clump of jimson-weeds furnished the only blossoms with which Nature sought to cheer the dullness of scene, and, search as one might, no trace of a garden was to be found.

But the fields and the woods were full of berries in the proper season, and these Sarah Kershaw could gather and sell to the townspeople some five miles away, and the swamps provided palmetto from which Joe's father, a hare-lipped man, might fashion brooms that always had a ready sale. Then, too, a cart was standing near the house with uplifted and yawning shafts, and somewhere in the woods ranged a spotted steer, whose occasional duty it was to draw a load of light-wood to the village with Kedge Kershaw perched on top and half asleep. The purchase was usually a half-bushel of meal, some few necessary household articles and some tobacco—but always the tobacco. Sometimes, however, the cart was brought back empty, and on these occasions the hare-lipped man and the slatternly woman jabbered and shrilled at each other with great anima-

tion. There was much unkindness in what they said, and pointed references on the part of each to the character, the quality of wisdom and the personal peculiarities of the other, were not withheld. The central argument, and the one in which lurid word-combinations were hurled like chain-shot, usually turned upon the advisability of Kedge's having invested almost the entire proceeds of the sale in a quantity of wretched corn-whisky. The controversy frequently resulted in an exchange of blows, Sarah Kershaw being always the victor. As an exhibition of her prowess and a fruit of her victory, she would then seize what remained of the stuff and drink it to the last drop. Thereupon followed sleep and consequent peace and tranquillity.

Upon these occasions No-head Joe promptly crawled out of harm's way, finding refuge under the house, and, when all was silent, he returned to sit in the doorway and wonder what gnawed and ached inside him.

Now, the subject of fools is one not lightly to be entered upon nor safely written about; the world is wide, the judges many and with varied points of view, and our words may too frequently come back and claim us for their very own. But concerning such as No-head Joe, the case is different and we may rest at ease, for he was that tragic parody—just a fool.

Even Sarah Kershaw, from her comparative mental height, at times gave plaint to the charge against the boy. There was, however, no mockery in what she said; it was simply a statement of the patent fact, coupled with a dull wonder that her child could be so lacking.

"You is sech er fool!" she would say,

twisting her snuff-stick about in her mouth and blinking slowly and thoughtfully.

Notwithstanding all these things, the years of No-head Joe's boyhood passed without great mishap. Ignorance stared heavily from every friendly face, and Stupidity that knew not even a crooning song had ministered to him from the first tug at the meager breast to the period of the inevitable clay pipe and the comforting quid.

When No-head Joe was twenty-three, his father and mother having died, he drifted into employment in an illicit distillery in the piny-woods country not far from his home. Here he worked in a desultory way, gaining a scanty livelihood and being known to his fellow workers for just what he was, a harmless, witless thing—No-head Joe, the fool.

Raids upon the part of government officials were infrequent enough in the time of this man's employment, but, finding that he evinced an unusual degree of interest in the subject, his employers stirred their imaginative faculties and began to recount to him fearful and wonderful stories.

They told of men who had been captured by deputy marshals, hung up by the toes and cooked to death over slow fires. They remembered, too, how Eph Satterwhite, who had lived long ago over on Turkey Creek, had been made prisoner in the very act of distilling whisky, and how the officers had toasted one another over goblets of Eph's blood. All these things afforded them much amusement, and they laughed heartily at No-head Joe's fear.

And then, one day, there was a rush of strange men; the sunlight flashed upon drawn revolvers, and the workers at the distillery scattered and ran, stooping, dodging and falling in their efforts to escape.

Rushing behind a clump of bushes, No-head Joe ran southward along the small stream upon which the distillery

had been set up. Speed was the one real quality he possessed, and though the officers followed as rapidly as they might, he soon distanced them and entered a thick wood. Here he overtook some of his fellow workers; but chance favored him, and, striking off to the left, he was soon lost to sight.

For a whole day the man continued in his flight toward the south, and at last reached a little stream which cut its way through a cane-brake. This he followed until at last he reached the higher land inside, which, upon examination, he found to be entirely surrounded by a dense brake fully a half-mile across in its narrowest part. Except by one pathway, it was absolutely impenetrable to the foot of man and enclosed a heavily wooded swamp something over two square miles in area. There was, indeed, a swamp within a swamp, for beyond the brake a dense forest stretched for many miles in every direction, broken only here and there where a creek cut its way through the dark, fertile soil, or some slimy lagoon lay putrid in the sun.

Through this inner swamp two streams made their way. The larger, running from north to south, spread and lost its muddy waters in the brake at either end. The other came from the northeast, rushing down from the hills and passing through the brake to join the creek near the lower end of the inner swamp. This smaller stream was quite shallow, but in its rapid course from the hills it had brought down a volume of sand, and upon this accumulation of the years one might find a precarious footing to and from the outside world. It was along this pathway that the stern pursuit of the law had driven No-head Joe, to halt at last within the inner swamp and there to make his home.

Under similar conditions a man of keener wit would have suffered greatly, and at times the life was cruelly hard. He had learned something of woodcraft from his father, but this small informa-

tion did not suffice. When there was a pressing need he would sit with his hands folded about his knees and stare and stare, blinking slowly the while. At last he would rise and go about the pursuit of some other matter, or else would construct some rude implement suited to his requirements. These things never came to him through thought or reasoning. They flashed upon him suddenly and like a picture, and he shaped the desired object according to what his mind had seemed to see.

He selected a hollow cypress, and, daubing the inside with mud, shaped a fireplace that would be protected from the weather. About this same tree he constructed a rude but serviceable hut or lodge, cutting down reeds and poles with his knife and building according to the plan of chimney-building that he had known.

He had but three matches, and with two of these he lighted fires for the cooking of rabbits that he had snared, but while the third fire was still blazing he felt suddenly in his pocket, and then grunted and sat staring at the flame. This fire was thereafter carefully tended and was never allowed to expire. Wind-falls and driftwood were piled high in the rude dwelling, and when the rainy weeks of the spring and fall set in, dry fuel was at no time lacking.

About through the swamp he placed snares, and fish-traps were set in the two streams. Rude weapons, both of offense and defense, also grew and took shape under the tireless application of his knife, when the thing that was in him stirred his blood. He learned to rely upon it, to await its coming, and he knew for very truth the vision that appeared when the caveman called to him through the centuries that had slept.

And yet, No-head Joe was not of the stock that knew no higher type of man. Colonial Virginia had placed his ancestors among her proudest and most cultured men, and still a later day had seen

them gentlemen of wealth and refinement, and in the years of war they had done valiant service in their country's need.

But the story was the old one. The weakening strain crept down and down from generation to generation until it reached the commonplace. There was a flicker of the ancient virility; it struggled and burst its enwrapping lethargy and weakness, and one firm-footed, proud-faced man had worn a sword at King's Mountain. And then it sank again, doubly weakened in that last strength it gave.

After those days the journey to the West and to the South began. From each little family circle, the stronger, the harder and the braver passed out and made their way into the wilderness, leaving the weak, the shiftless and those of lesser wit.

Weak mated with weak at an early age, and from each generation the best passed on. Those who remained behind followed slowly upon the heels of civilization, seeking the easier paths and drifting to where the smoother currents ran.

From this dwindling vitality and narrowing wit sprang both Sarah Griggs and Kedge Kershaw, and following out the laws of life, there came the last of this unfit strain, the froth, the throw-off, the end—No-head Joe, the fool.

But at times the pulse, the mystery and unrest of the great deep sea stirs an unsteady quickening in the sleeping shallows, and now, suddenly, at the age of twenty-five, No-head Joe had become a philosopher. He knew nothing of affairs biblical, nor had the lessons of any book ever touched his life; but a stress of circumstances had furnished him with a stirring equivalent of the scriptural admonition that a living dog is better than a dead lion.

And for this reason No-head Joe was afraid. He lay behind a fallen tree, anxiously peering over the huge boll and

striving to pierce with his sight the thick growth of the swamp that surrounded him. Now and then an uncertain sound as of dry leaves being crushed under foot seemed to come to his straining ears, and in these moments he shook like one with an ague.

As he lay thus concealed he was, except for a loin covering made of rabbit skins, entirely naked. He was of low stature; his feet were flat and with wide-spreading toes, and his arms and legs were thin and scrawny. His skin was a yellowish brown, and the vertebræ along his narrow back showed with startling clearness.

If the form of the man as he lay thus was unattractive and even pitiable, the face that peered over the fallen tree was worse. His chin was sharply receding, and his eyes seemed almost lacking in pigment. The right was slightly crossed inward, and the lid of the left drooped so as half to cover the pupil. From the round and thin-lipped mouth long, yellow teeth protruded, and, to complete the picture of dullness and disarray, nature had furnished him with a scanty beard, fuzzy and dingy, and of unclean appearance.

For some hours this man had been creeping about the swamp from hiding-place to hiding-place, until at last he had reached this spot. Behind him lay an impenetrable cane-brake that bounded the swamp on the north, and here he had been forced to halt and make his stand.

The afternoon had worn away and darkness was beginning to settle. In the realization of this fact he cast a hurried glance upward through the interlaced branches of the trees. Suddenly he started as though stung by some flash of hope, but, at the first movement of his feet among the dry and crackling leaves, an involuntary spring of his muscles brought him to his knees, startled at the noise that he himself had made. For a moment he knelt thus, and then, with a

quivering sigh, sank slowly back, his trembling limbs noiselessly seeking their former position of comparative ease.

Minute after minute dragged its weary length. Fireflies began to circle and wink in the tangles, and vague, light-footed rustlings arose in places just out of sight.

In the uplands the day still lingered, but here the increasing gloom seemed to come suddenly and at uncertain intervals, as though an added film of darkness had rushed across the sky. From the cane-brake and the banks of the near-by creek came the croaking of innumerable frogs, and all the night life of the swamp began to stir in wider ranges.

After No-head Joe had lain thus for some time, his quick ear caught the sound of the movement of a heavy body through a neighboring clump of alders. A sudden rigor of fear passed over him, but he struggled slowly and silently to his knees, taking up a light cane spear that lay beside him on the ground. It shook as he held it, and the drooping lid of his left eye fluttered strangely, but after one quick, deep breath, he closed his teeth with a snap and waited in silence.

After a moment a brushing, grating noise was heard, a twig was broken sharply, and a figure emerged from the alders, taking rude shape against the dark background. At the sight No-head Joe's desperate and momentary courage fled. His face was contorted by a paroxysm of fear, his lips moved rapidly but without sound, and his feet slid and shuffled upon the ground as he sought to draw them closer under his body.

The figure was that of a negro. He was of only medium height, but deep-chested and with tremendous breadth of shoulder. His retreating forehead was seamed across by deep wrinkles, his nose was flat and with wide-flaring nostrils, and his mouth was thick-lipped and sullen.

To even the casual observer this man

would have appeared both dangerous and repulsive, but to No-head Joe he was as the very image of doom. His deep-set, cruel eyes were red-lidded and inflamed, and his small ears were half hidden behind powerful jaws. His arms were long and knotted with muscle, and he carried a heavy club.

While the alders still shook from the impact of his passage, the negro stood and looked slowly about. Then, stooping low, he studied carefully the faint outlines of a pathway leading toward the fallen tree, behind which crouched the man he was seeking. Rising after a moment, he walked cautiously forward, grasping his club tightly and gazing about with quick, searching eyes.

Suddenly No-head Joe sprang to his feet. Then the two stood regarding each other—the one, the dregs, the sediment of the human race, the sullen, untamed product of the jungles where man ate man, while the ape in the tree looked on and wondered; the other, the froth, the throw-off from the blood of a great and ancient civilization—Cush, the son of Pealicker Jim and Sally Lou, glaring, with outstretched neck and snarling lips, into the wavering and terrified eyes of No-head Joe, the fool.

For some moments they stood thus, tense and tragic, and then the negro's figure slowly relaxed and there crept upon his face a contemptuous smile. He drew his body erect and began to laugh loudly and hoarsely.

"Wall!" he exclaimed. "You damned skin an' bones! I 'lowed you wuz er man!"

No-head Joe made no reply; his breath was quick and labored and his body swayed as he stood.

The negro slowly contemplated his intended victim, gazing at him from head to foot. His show of contempt increased and his laughter grew louder.

"An' you thought you wuz gwineter hab dis here whole swamp ter yerse'f, did yer?" he sneered. "You 'lowed no-

body warn't gwineter paddle down dat branch an' tumble on ter one er yo' fish-traps, didden' yer? You 'lowed you wuz safe an' easy fer er right smaht spell, but yer nebber read de moon right."

He stooped low and slapped his thigh with a show of utmost enjoyment.

"Now ef you doan' look lak er frawg-face' hopper-grass, I ain't nebber seed none!" he exclaimed with a cackle.

"Whut mud-hole did you come outen, anyhow?" he continued sneeringly, and then, as a new impression seemed to come to him from a further inspection of the white man, he added: "I bet, by Gawd, you is er cross betwix' er spring-lizard an' er crawfish, you damn sump'n nudder!"

The negro continued in this strain for some time, but, tiring at last of the sport, his manner changed, and he became more threatening.

"Know whut I'm er gwineter do wid yer?" he bellowed, leaning forward in a crouching position and baring his teeth. "I'm gwineter ram yer in de groun' an' stomp yer ter er mush, yer pizen-face', goggle-eyed debble-hawse!"

During all this time No-head Joe had scarcely moved. His limbs were as though paralyzed, and his whole body was covered with a clammy sweat. His dull mind had long since seemed to float entirely away from his body, leaving it standing there to await the negro's pleasure. There seemed no fear, no heart-beat, not even the inhalation of a breath.

Suddenly the light spear fell from his nerveless fingers and clattered against the tree-trunk with a hollow sound.

In an instant, and like a surge of blood, the man's weak and scattered faculties were regained. He knew it all, he realized it all, and, as the negro rushed forward, he caught up the weapon and hurled it toward his enemy's bowels with all the desperate force of his slender and weakened body.

There was a quick sweep of the heavy club and the light spear was turned

aside, hurtling onward through the bushes.

The negro uttered a yell of triumph.

"Oh, yas, damn yer! Now I got yer!" he cried.

Then No-head Joe turned; a frantic squeak like that of a rat in a terrier's mouth escaped him, and he fled wildly through the swamp. For some moments the chase continued; vines were snapped or brushed aside; the branches of the undergrowth tore their faces, and once the negro fell heavily. Soon they came to a deep creek, the waters showing black and forbidding. Here the white man sought to turn southward along the bank of the stream, but the negro was now almost upon him. He wavered in his course and began to shriek wildly.

"Doan' kill me!" he cried. "Doan' kill me! Oh, Lawdy, doan' kill me!"

As the negro raised his club No-head Joe stumbled, and, falling sideways, rolled and bounded down the bank of the stream, his body striking the water with a loud splash. The other halted and stood breathing heavily, waiting for his enemy's reappearance.

"Come up!" he yelled. "Come up! Come up!" accompanying his cries with taunting oaths.

He waited for some time, cursing and bellowing with meaningless sounds, but when he paused for reply the swamp and the stream seemed utterly silent. He heard neither ripple nor splash.

Far down the stream from the spot where he had fallen swam No-head Joe. How far he had been carried beneath the waters and how he arose to the surface he never knew. He only remembered that as he fell life had seemed to leave his body, and when he awoke his arms and legs were moving regularly and silently in the exercise of the art that, once learned, is never forgotten.

As he swam, the sound of his enemy's voice grew fainter and fainter, and at last it died away. In the deep gloom he saw a sand-bar, and, making his way to

it, attempted to crawl along it on his hands and knees, when suddenly he pitched forward on his face with a groan and fainted.

Fully a year and a half had intervened between the coming of No-head Joe and that of Cush, the negro; but the causes for their banishment from the places of men were not the same.

Born of the union of a runaway slave, known only as Pealicker Jim, and a full-blooded negress, named Sally Lou, Cush had been utterly ignorant from the day of his birth. At no time did he rise far above the racial blood that had stagnated through centuries in stupidity, in savagery and in cannibalism.

All his life he had been known as a fighter; his knife was ever ready, and when he had completed his growth he could crush a skull with one blow of his heavy fist.

And then one night the land where Cush lived awoke. Church bells were rung, and men whose faces were white and tense and whose jaws were set galloped wildly through the country. Telegraph instruments ticked to the outside world the awful story; trainmen told it as they passed along, and with the speed of the wind it spread abroad.

And so it was that the human net was spread; that men armed with shotguns came from neighboring counties, and the music of a yelping pack sounded in the hills and swamps, and across the sunny, smiling cotton fields; that the thing called Cush might be found; that the thing called Cush might die the fearful death of flame, and shriek, unheeded, to the stern-faced men whose daily lives had theretofore known only gentleness and kindly charity.

But Cush had fled to the south, following for safety the beds of smaller streams and swimming for miles down the larger ones, until he entered the inner swamp, passing along the way that No-head Joe had found many months before.

Now he stood shaking his club down

at the dark waters, where the white man had disappeared, and giving vent to his disappointment in meaningless yells.

He turned at last with a laugh and made his way through the trees to the white man's hut. Peering inside, he saw that a few embers still glowed in the hollow of the cypress. He replenished the fire with fuel that he found, and when it blazed up sat down and inspected the interior of the little dwelling with an air of ease and satisfaction.

"Wall, I be damned!" he exclaimed. "Had him er reg'lar house; had him fish-baskets an' rabbit-traps an' evvy kind er bus'ness."

He leaned forward, and, taking off his heavy shoes, stretched his feet toward the flame, wriggling his toes with comfort at the release.

"I reckon I kin make out," he muttered. "I reckon I kin dig up ernuff grub fer ter hol' out till dat business blows ober an' I kin hunt up some new diggin's."

He stretched his arms above his head and yawned loudly, and then lay back at full length before the fire. Suddenly he thought of the white man and smiled.

"I reckon de catfish an' de eels is er wuckin' on him by dis time," he mused. And then he laughed. "Mighty sorry eatin'; nothin' seppen bone an' grizzle an' eye-balls."

He chuckled for some time as he thought over the matter.

"He sho' did hab monstus eye-balls, dat man," he continued. "I spec' de catfish gwineter sorter th'ow heads an' tails fer dem."

At this last thought he uttered a loud guffaw, and, rolling over, beat his fists against the ground in sheer delight over the product of his wit. At last he tired of it all, and, placing more wood upon the fire, lay down again and composed himself to sleep.

When morning broke it found No-head Joe lying crouched under a clump of swamp-laurel. He had slept but little

during the night, and, even when his tired and nerve-wrung body had forced his weary eyes to close, he had been almost immediately awakened by vivid and terrible dreams.

After sitting for some time pondering over his wretched condition, he crawled from his hiding-place and with stiff and heavy limbs made his way to the smaller stream.

The month was June and flowers were blooming everywhere. A cloud of yellow butterflies had gathered, and they were rising above the moist sand and settling again in selected spots, spreading and folding their wings in seeming enjoyment. No-head Joe sat with his hands about his knees and regarded them for some moments steadily but indifferently, when suddenly, and for some reason that had made its way through his dull brain, he bowed his head upon his hands and began to sob. Strange and inarticulate lamentations and complaints burst from his sputtering lips, until at last his tongue shaped the telling of his woes into clearer speech.

"Ain't never done nothin' ter nobody," he wailed. "Ain't got no sense an' ain't never done nothin' ter nobody."

He sat rocking backward and forward and then from side to side, bumping his forehead against his knees. Suddenly he leaned forward and gazed into the shallow stream. A crawfish was endeavoring by flirts and plunges to make its way through a little eddy in the water, and, reaching quickly, he scooped it up with his hand. He tore off its legs and, thrusting it into his mouth, began to crunch it greedily.

Then the memory of his troubles came to him again, and while his jaws still moved in the process of mastication, the tears rolled down his cheeks and he continued to sob.

"Ain't got no place fer ter go," was now his cry. "Ain't got nothin' t' eat an' no place fer ter go, an' he gwineter ketch me."

And the man's despair seemed justified. In the light of what had been told him, the outside world meant danger and death by some horrible means. To remain appeared equally impossible. The inner swamp was small and held for him but two prospects—the one, starvation in hiding; the other, immediate death at the negro's hands, should he be found. So he continued to sit upon the sand, nodding his head and sobbing hopelessly, but pausing now and then to lean over and scan the waters in search of another crawfish.

The day dragged through its long hours, and night sank upon the swamp with the dull blackness of a shroud. He could not sleep, for hunger gnawed and gnawed at his vitals, and for the first time in his life he knew the uncanny and freezing horror of the darkness. He lay upon his back, holding his open knife tightly clasped in his hand. Why he held it he did not know, for its once heavy blade was worn and broken until it now possessed but half its former breadth. With it he had built his home, and with it had fashioned his weapons, his traps and his snares. All that had made existence possible to such a witless being had come to him through it, and now he held it tightly, a frail weapon of defense and a weak reminder of the better days.

When morning came again he did not weep. His needs had made him bolder, and he set about the acquisition of food with nervous and trembling haste. Creeping silently from place to place, and with but indifferent success, he at last remembered a spot where certain edible berries grew, and directed his steps toward that part of the swamp. And then he heard a sound in the cane-brake. Cush was approaching on his way to a trap that had been placed in the smaller stream near the point where it entered the swamp.

No-head Joe slunk into a tangle of vines and squatted low. Remembering the negro's words in regard to the size of his eye-balls, he bowed his head be-

tween his knees, hoping that by this act he would be more effectually concealed.

But Cush passed on, and after some time was heard yelling loudly and seemingly without purpose in another part of the swamp. He felt that he was entirely safe from any danger. The brake was wide, and, try as he might, the sound of his voice could never reach beyond it.

The hours that followed passed slowly and painfully for No-head Joe. He had grown very weak, and in the late afternoon made his way to the edge of the brake and sat gazing at the little stream, the pathway to the outside world. Hunger had driven him to desperation, and he felt that he must go again to his former home. Fear of the officers had almost passed away, for the memory of feasts that he had known was upon him, and a nervous sweat gathered upon his face.

He sat staring down at the stream, when his gaze chanced upon a water-snake, a blunt-tailed moccasin of most venomous type, that was swimming and floating with the current. Reaching a sand-bar, it crawled leisurely from the water and lay sunning itself. No-head Joe studied it for a long time. The sight seemed to fascinate him, and, though some deeper and more gripping pang of hunger now and then distracted his attention, his glance soon returned and settled steadily upon it. There was the snake—and that was all he knew. Its presence brought no thought to his mind; he only regarded it. There was a stream flowing by, a narrow stretch of sand, and a snake lying in the sun. At last the reptile seemed to catch sight of him; it drew back for an inch or two and slowly assumed a sinuous shape, licking out its tongue.

Then suddenly, and as though struck by a blow, No-head Joe recoiled from the sight. A picture had flashed upon him from somewhere out of the haze and lay before him as clearly cut as a cameo. He rolled backward upon the ground

and covered his face with his hands, but still it remained. He opened his eyes and looked anxiously about, but still he seemed to see it, and at last he crept forward and gazed silently at the moccasin, as though held in a dream.

After a while the pupils of his eyes began to grow wide; even the drooping lid was lifted, hunger was forgotten, and slowly and with increasing certainty No-head Joe began to grin. Wider and wider his perch-like mouth was spread; a strange guttural sound rattled in his throat, and then he began to laugh aloud.

Rising at last, and with a serious face, he opened his knife and then began to cut long and narrow strips from his loin covering, muttering unintelligibly all the while. From these strips he fashioned two stout leathern cords. This work completed, he proceeded to the edge of the brake and cut two canes, each being about five feet long and an inch in diameter. Splitting one end of each for a few inches and returning to the stream, he pinioned the snake to the sand with just enough force to hold it. With one of the canes he caught the reptile near its head, pinching its body tightly and securely. The split in the cane held it fast, but without injuring it, and, twist and lash as it might, it was unable to escape. Then he took one of the cords and fastened it to the snake's tail in such a manner that the knot could not slip. After this he began a hurried search along the water-course, gibbering and giggling in great glee. After an hour's search he returned with another snake of the same species, captured in like manner, and placed it beside the first one, and then sat down to contemplate the two. The afternoon wore away into evening, and he still continued to watch the captive snakes, sometimes with a serious mien and again grinning and mumbling incoherently.

When the sun had dropped from sight and the first thick darkness fell, he took up the two canes with the snakes at-

tached and began to walk cautiously along, proceeding northward and in the direction of his former habitation. When he had reached a thicket near the place, he halted and listened carefully. Then he placed the snakes upon the ground and crawled forward until he was but a few yards distant from the hollow cypress. Here he lay quiet for some moments, his mouth open and his hand to his ear, but still he heard no sound. The negro was evidently absent, having not yet returned from baiting the traps for the night's catch.

Realizing this, No-head Joe hesitated no longer. He took up the snakes and, hurrying forward, stopped by the well-beaten pathway that his feet had trod during so many months. He fastened the end of one of the cords to a root, released the snake from the grip of the cane and sprang backward. The reptile coiled and struck at him, but he was out of harm's way.

It took but a few moments to dispose of the other moccasin in the same way, and then, grinning with delight, he hurriedly returned to the near-by thicket.

And he had not long to wait. After some minutes Cush was heard approaching, brushing carelessly along and stumbling now and then in the darkness. At last he reached the clearer path, and then No-head Joe crept forward without thought or heed, seeking to find through the gloom the form of his enemy.

Suddenly there came a yell, and the negro began pounding upon the ground with his club.

"Lawd Gawd Ermighty!" came the cry. "Great Gawd er mussy! I'se snake-bit!"

Then followed the sound of hurrying footsteps. Cush was hastening toward the hut, that he might examine the wound in the firelight and seek to suck out the poison. But again a cry arose, and this time it was louder and in its tones there rang a frenzied fear and certainty of death. Reckless of all further

harm, the negro stamped frantically upon the snake's body with his heavy shoes, and the reptile struck deep with its fangs again and again.

After this there came a silence, and No-head Joe's mouth closed slowly and he tilted his head to one side, bird-fashion, arching his eyebrows inquiringly.

But the silence did not last long, for soon he heard Cush floundering blindly among the bushes, cursing hoarsely, the deep exhausts of his breath forcing a wheezing sound from his throat. About through the bushes he stumbled and wandered, seeking to find the lodge, and then at last came a whinnying sound and there followed a fall.

No-head Joe stretched out his arms and drew a long deep breath. His head was thrown back and the foolish grin had quit his face. Something strange was stirring in his blood. He drew his head farther back and slowly raised his hands toward the tree-tops. He waved them thus for a moment and then, closing his fingers, began to beat upon his breast with a hollow sound. His lips were parted, and from his throat there came a strange and exultant call, penetrating to the far distances of the swamp.

Why he sounded this call he did not know. Perhaps it had no meaning at all, but his mind had seen a picture and his tongue had shaped the cry.

The latter-day world and all that it held had quit his memory. Distant and apart from it during all his early days, it was to him now for the moment forgotten, a thing that he had never known.

He strode forward with firm tread, until he stood at the doorway of his lodge, gazing down at the body of his enemy, and then he lifted his voice once more.

A chunk of wood had fallen in the rude fireplace within his dwelling; the

flame was freshened and its flickering light wavered upon him, strengthening the weaker outlines of his face in the charity of uncertainty.

Like a caveman he stood there where the cycling ages had swept him, in fullest kinship with his ancient blood.

And then the man's hands slowly fell to his sides, his head sank and his shoulders began to droop. Everywhere there seemed a silence, as wide as the night and as mystically deep as the soundless empires of death.

A great and terrible loneliness crept over him. The silence seemed like a wall of blackness that shut him in, but within the wall, and as though cut off from the outer world, were sprawled the quiet feet of Cush, the vanquished.

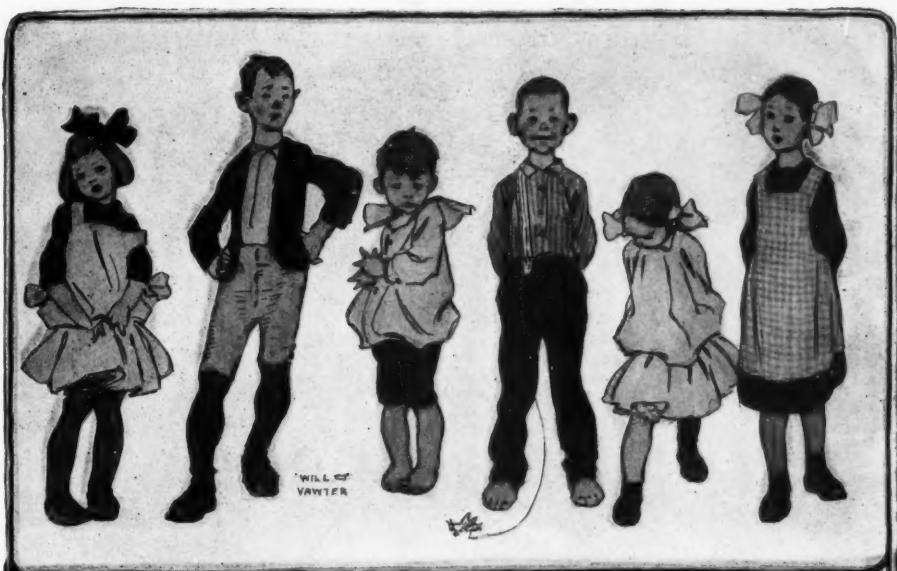
No-head Joe's eyes rested upon them, and a chill seemed to enter into his blood through every vein. The ancient fear of his people, the fear of the deed of death secretly and silently done, was intensified in him an hundredfold, and the thing that had died lay before him as a quiet hell that gripped him with hooks that held his soul.

The firelight weakened and sank lower and lower, and the man's breast began to heave rapidly and tumultuously, while the quick exhausts of his breath were voiced in strangling gasps.

And so it held him until after a few moments, when the last gleam of firelight died and the thing that moved not faded slowly from his sight. After but an instant it seemed to appear again in wavering, imagined outline, and then, suddenly, and as in a stroke of blindness, the night was without form.

No-head Joe staggered back against the wall of his lodge and threw his frantic arms above his head.

"Oh, Lawd Gawd!" he wailed in anguish. "Whut is I done ter yer! O-o-h, whut is I done ter yer!"



"NO MORE SCHOOL THIS SUMMER"

THREE DRAWINGS

BY

WILL VAWTER

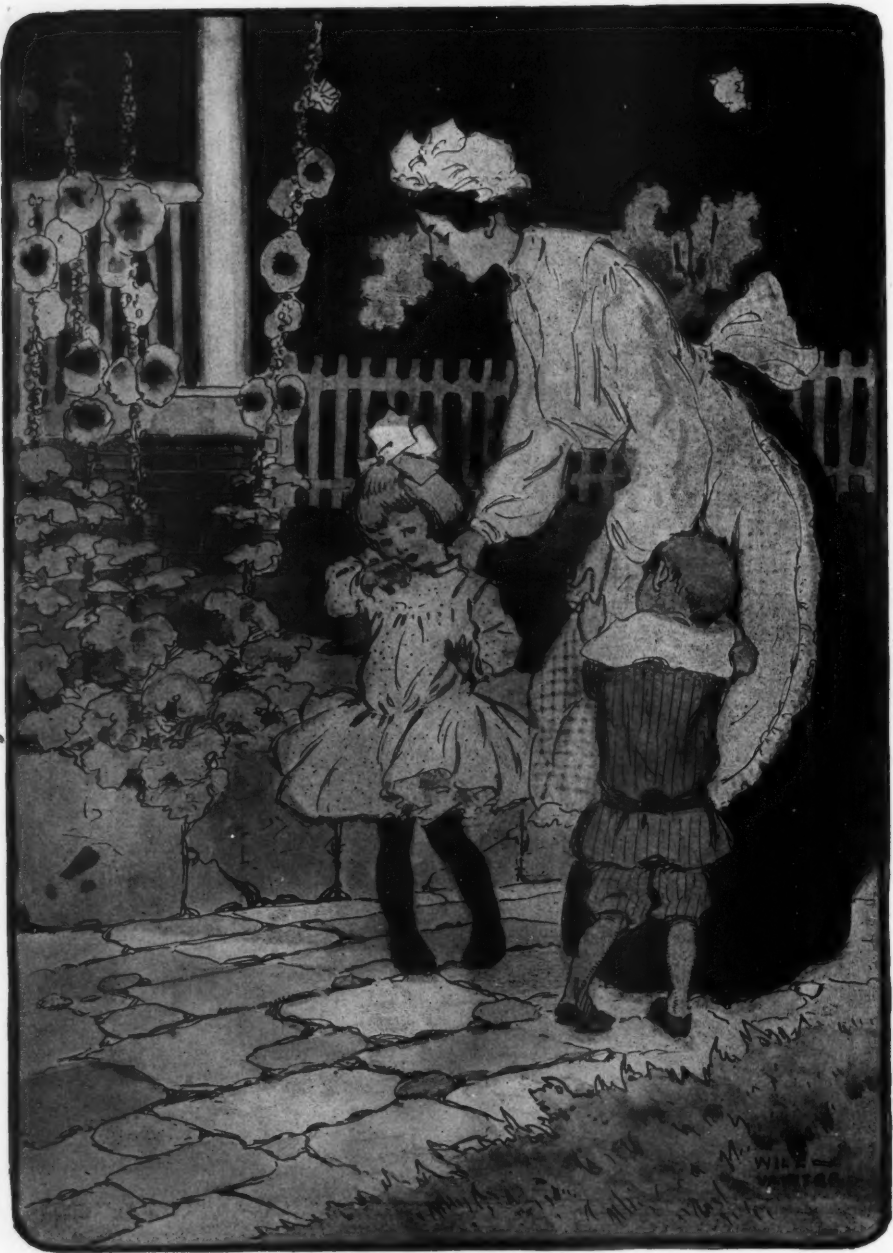
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THE FROG FAIRY



"NO, MA'AM, WE HAVEN'T SAW HIM"



"KISS AND MAKE UP"

SOME ANGUISH IN THE HOME

By MARION HILL

Author of "The Pettison Twins"



WHY, do you suppose, did they use to come?—those visitors who turned you out of your room, in the Long Ago, when you were a small boy and kept very many things in your bureau drawer which it seems you had no business to keep?

If they were invited, why did the feminine heads of the house, your mother and your Aunt Leila, so fret themselves with rebellious preparation? and if they were not invited, why were they not sent right about face, just as you were by irascible ladies when you called untimely upon your cronies who had the misfortune to be their sons?

Just here another question, irrelevant but pressing, intrudes—those little boys whose effervescing idiosyncrasies proved the most elevating and cheering to your health and spirits—why were they the ones always sure to be set down as pernicious for your morals?

But, from the time of shining Lucifer, there has never been any answer to *that* question; so let us hark back to the visitors.

For instance, will you ever forget that particularly baleful period when Uncle Wilbur brought his new bride? Though why anything as sere and yellow as Aunt Jane could ever be referred to as "new" or a "bride" is another unanswerable mystery. The grown-ups needed not to imagine that just because you were a child, and a boy, you did not perfectly well know a bride's prime requisites of few years and many charms, for you did. You had even had four or five of them yourself, mentally—and

they had all been fair-fashioned and sweet, like wild azalea, and they had been wound about with floating things, ribbons and sashes and flouncy skirts, with faint perfume in the folds, and they had shined brightly in their eyes and hair, and when they had smiled with their mutinous red lips, your glowing soul had leaped up and away to follow them gladly to life's end.

To follow Aunt Jane, you would have had to be mad first, and even then you would have left off soon.

Come to think of it, though, the following had been the other way around; for, according to family repute, Aunt Jane had unseemly "chased" your uncle.

You disliked them both even before they came.

"He is bringing Her on a visit!" your mother had exclaimed, looking up dismally from a letter.

"What a devilish bore," had been Aunt Leila's nonchalant reply.

As usual, her profanity had been vigorously frowned upon, with a pregnant side glance in your direction. Not that "devilish" was anything to you. You could do better in your sleep, if you wanted. And, though you would not tell tales, so could Aunt Leila.

How queer it is that ladies who do not own little boys are yet gifted with the pictorial and fervent language most suited to them.

"We had better prepare the room at once," your mother had continued.

With a wild, shocked spurt, your astral self flew upstairs to examine into the state of your belongings, even though your visible body remained below so as not to miss anything in the way of conversation.

For well you knew what "the" room

meant. It was yours. Deeper back into the past, when they had bought that big bed, ostensibly for you, you had had misgivings. Not for nothing were they wont adequately to supply your needs. Something sinister was ever behind.

By now, you had grown fairly callous to the general idea that you would be ousted for every newcomer. But no amount of recurrence would accustom you to the painfulness of the discoveries your mother was capable of making among your possessions in cupboard and bureau, particularly bureau.

As now—you poignantly recalled a certain trivial turtle which you had hospitably bedded among your clean handkerchiefs a few days ago and temporarily forgotten. He was alive. That was not only the turtle's past charm, but was also your present possible salvation; for, ten to one, that turtle had wandered far by now, haply into the safe retreat of your mother's room and slipper.

You would erase the turtle from your sufficiently overburdened mind.

But the lizard! It had been sadly moribund at the time when you had thoughtfully wrapped your blue silk tie around him; and, if you properly interpreted certain fierce odors which lately had oozed from the bureau drawer of night and crawled insistently into bed with you, the lizard was now established in Paradise.

Among your white blouses was your well-filled bait box. But that had a tight cover. Why worry over sin that had a cover?

The package of cigarettes under the mattress outranked the lizard, both for unmistakable odor and as a trouble breeder.

Oh, well; they, your mother and aunt, went upstairs, and the premonitions fell short of the dire reality. You had not borrowed one particle of unnecessary trouble. You got it all.

Distracted as a bird which circles helplessly above its ravished nest, so you

from restless nooks and crannies watched the wanton destruction which accompanied the turning of "your" room into "Uncle Wilbur's" room.

Not being a fool, you understood and accepted tacitly as merited the scoring and scarifying you got for the cigarettes and the carcasses; you even squared your shoulders philosophically to the certainly undeserved abuse which descended upon you for the rips and tears and gashes and lapses in your rummaged wardrobe—for what is the mission of woman in the home if not to mend? the fault was theirs!—but to this day you have never forgotten nor forgiven the cruel right of selection which they arrogated to themselves in regard to the abolishment of your treasures.

"This trash is no good; we'll burn it," they said.

And into the fire went the wondrous shells and sticks and mosses and leaves and nests which meant the wealth of happy summers past that might never come again.

"No good," they said. How dared they—lacking the mighty alchemy of youth—test the worth of treasures whose witchery they had sordidly outgrown? For each twig you had climbed and fallen and ached and climbed again and sturdily triumphed. Each pebble was the record of some golden vacation spent in ecstasy beside the gemmed banks of a mountain stream. The frond of fern was given you by that little girl whose hair was shining, and whose mutinous smile—

To avoid witnessing more such holocausts, you attempted to disappear. But were you allowed that innocuous privilege? Certainly not. You were harried to your hiding place, badgered out of your seclusion, and wherreted off to work of some sort, being told that it was your especial failing always to be out of sight when you could be of any use.

Remaining stoically *in* sight, you were not a whit better off, being then told that it was your especial failing always to be

"underfoot" when your betters were busy.

Ah, the cark and dole of that bitter day! Perhaps the most shamefully erratic part of its whole exasperating program was the bath that your mother insisted upon giving you herself.

You had no special hatred of bathing. Quite otherwise. The things you could do in an *uninvaded* bathroom, with a zinc tub a-brim with hot soapsuds, a generous sponge to sop and squeeze and revel in, a bath brush floating on its back like a warship, were all provocative of keenest interest. And, though you did not particularly work to deceive, still, the slipping and sloshing of naval tactics, taken in connection with the sound of the profuse rain which descended at intervals upon the warship from the sponge, all helped the presumption from the outside that you were cleansing yourself with much thoroughness. The awful way the soap melted, too, in the making of a few trifling whitecaps served to strengthen the misconception.

Then, when you were leisurely drying yourself, you could be several kinds of an Indian with the one bath towel.

It was all more pleasant than not, which emphatically must remain unsaid of the Personally Conducted outrage.

"Stripped" is a vivid word; there was nothing leisurely about your disrobing when your mother took the helm—so to speak. You were unmistakably *stripped* of your clothes, which ripped, whipped and zipped off you at a giddy rate, as you spun dizzily around upon your unsteady feet, rotated by the maternal hand hastily locating buttons. Each garment, too, came off in a more or less faulty state of preservation—for which you were briefly but amply chid. Oh, it was a bad business, any way you looked at it. And angry grown folks are so inconsequential in their anger. Take the case of dusty knees. Suppose each knee *was* bull's-eyed with soot—what more natural? If not to kneel with, what are

knees for? Had your habit, now, been to kneel on your forehead, or your shoulder blades, to the blackening of those far portions of your anatomy, a mother might have reason to complain. But knees—she scoured them raw. Perhaps she had a right to.

But what right had even a mother to soap freely her one hand and slither it up and down your supersensitive front, and then with the other wetly to slap your resounding back because the front was ticklish and made you laugh?

Then, when you were being dried, how untenderly did the flying towel search out, to attack and aggravate, your honorable wounds! Before you could warn of a particular spot, "Be chary there!" lo, the damage had taken place; the small boil behind your ear was crestless, the nurtured wart upon your knuckle was crustless, the half-knit seam of a recent cut was puffed into a waterlogged ridge which threatened to yawn gorily at any moment, and no healing cicatrice was left on anything.

Finally, how you were *harrygaggled* into your clothes! You were allowed no time for excusable experiments—such as seeing how near you could come to imitating circus tights by putting your feet through the armholes of your undershirt—no little thing like that. You baldly, blankly *dressed*, that was all.

No, not all; for there was accumulation of misery in the fact that you were not meted out pity, but were served with cold disapprobation, as if the whole unseemly business had been at your request.

Once dressed, and on boyhood's glad road of swift forgetfulness, you might have garnered a few gleams of sunshine watching them cook rich things in the kitchen had you not had the misfortune to sneeze over the cake batter. Of course they credited you with malicious mischief, and equally of course your fault had been accidental, for who would intentionally affront so revered an article as a cake, even in its embryo?

Ostracized from the kitchen, you had time to ponder upon the problem of this inordinate cooking. If visitors were supposed to fill themselves comfortably full with the house's best in the cake line, why were *you* always sternly trained never to accept from your hostess more than one slim slice?

You soon dismissed this trend of thought as too futilely restricted in its scope to bother over. Why single out one sporadic inconsistency? Was not the whole world actively concerned in giving you but husks, while lavishing its richness upon the other fellow? And was there rhyme or reason in any of it?

Through the vexed lengths of that offending day you had not been able to speak or be silent without contumely; to sit or stand without blame; to move or poise unrebuked.

The grown-ups were tired, that is true; but surely their extreme foolishness in this matter of unnecessary overexertion was purely their own voluntary choice. Nobody made them.

The house and every one in it, though, wore satisfying aspects. And your mother put on her party dress for dinner. So did your Aunt Leila. They looked pretty nice.

Do you suppose Uncle Wilbur and Aunt Jane, when they finally did come, imagined that you lived in that placid ornateness all the year round?

Aunt Jane was even worse to see than to think of. With her you did not last a bit longer than ten minutes; maybe not so long. At the moment of shaking hands your mind became nervously cognizant of the hitherto unimportant facts that your shoestring was unlaced, a button was off, and your handkerchief had a hole in it. Such cognizances are symptoms pointing unmistakably to the one conclusion that the inspirer of them has no sympathy with little boys, and never will have. You could have averted a catastrophe by obeying your instinct and sheering off at once. But you unwisely

lingered, and in the course of her few chill remarks to you your Aunt Jane made use of the proverb that "beauty is but skin deep," and before you could stop yourself you had anxiously asked her why she had never adopted the expedient of having herself skinned—and there you were dished and done for, not only with Aunt Jane, but with every one else as well.

Your trouble with Uncle Wilbur held off for about half an hour; and then you were settled with *him*.

It happened when you were all at table. That Uncle Wilbur was a minister had practically slipped your memory. Not that to have remembered would have made much difference—you would have put your foot in it anyhow.

Time-honored by custom, at meal times it was your uneasy prerogative to say grace. Now, people "ask a blessing"; then, they "said grace."

The grace went: "*Bless the provisions of Thy bounty now set before us, and make us truly thankful. Amen.*"

Of course, there were Sacred Names through it, and, child though you were, you always gagged over those Names, holding them so very, very sacred that you really feared to profane them by flourishing them around over mere food. So you coughed and choked and mumbled, and got through somehow. And you know what you said; you said "Blessed visions of Thy boundings," and you never questioned the applicability of it till you had a little boy of your own. As for yourself when little, you vividly *had* blessed visions of those boundings, too.

Now, at heart, you were not irreligious. Indeed, you often thrilled most strangely with reverent musings, particularly in the dark, or when ill, and always about such intangible, spook-like abstractions as your soul, your sins, your salvation and your probable eternity—and it seemed very befitting to relegate those spiritualities to the concern of the



AUNT JANE WAS EVEN WORSE TO SEE THAN TO THINK OF

Lord. But when it came to carnal things, to food worked for by your father, ordered by your Aunt Leila, carted to the house by a red-headed grocer's boy, surreptitiously sampled by yourself, prepared by your mother and the maid, and gorged by all of you, it certainly seemed sarcastically preposterous to thank the Lord for it.

In ancient days, when He sent things around on ravens, or sprinkled them down during rains, it would not have been a waste of time to offer up thanks; but in later times, when He had so obviously discontinued serial benefices, what was the need?

Therefore—and perhaps to impress Uncle Wilbur with your intellectuality—you tersely voiced your private opinions on the matter.

Well—you found out that the hand of God had more to do with the food than you thought. As the irrevocable resultant of your remark, you ate not at all.

"Leave the table."

Thus your mother spoke. Her tone was ominously calm. It was not the threatened aftermath which clutched at your heart with misery—it was being disgraced in the eyes of people who already thought precious little of you. You shook as with chills as you quietly dropped from your chair and trickled out of the room. You must have trickled: for you were not conscious of any movement of your legs or of your shamed and burning body, yet in next to no time you were in the barren security of the hall.

Sitting for a moment upon the lowest stair, to re-establish control over your

limbs, and to wonder where you should go—for you had no room of your own now—you dimly recalled that some one, as you eclipsed yourself past the dining-room table, had cast upon you a flickering wink of satanic comradeship. Aunt Leila.

And the bountifulness of that table! Something besides grief began to gnaw fiercely at your vitals. It was hunger. You knew the servant would give you something if you asked, but you were too proud. In those days the lady in the kitchen was a servant, not a maid; and truly, in her capableness and tenderness with children she was more often "lady" than not. She would have fed you, but—she would have joked. And, emotionally crop-bound as you were then, one joke would have been fatal.

Listening to the clatter of knives and forks increased the poignancy of your starvation, so you removed yourself higher up on the stairs, ascending by a series of sittings-down. The listlessness of that style of locomotion appealed to you. At the first landing you snuggled against the wall and prepared to ruminate a little.

The rattle of the table tools was a trifle fainter, and you tried to comfort yourself by fancying it was a dream dinner you were forbidden to, not a real one. The fancy balked. That dinner retained its toothsome reality. All the things were the things you liked best—maccaroons, peach ice-cream, shrimp salad, nuts and raisins, roast duck and oyster soup.

In your loyal heart of hearts you never once gave up the hope that it would *choke* your parents to eat that royal spread without you, and that they would eventually call you in. Bad as you were, *you* could not have gluttoned through it by yourself, knowing that your father and mother were hungry and lonely in the dark of the stairs. Your expectant ear grew tired craning itself around the landing and down the

bend to catch the forgiving summons. And you grew hungrier and hungrier.

Hope had to die some time. As an hour crept on you dully realized that they had forgotten you.

Then a line of light flashed on the landing from below, a warm smell of food and a flutter of talk gushed forth, and you knew that the well-filled diners were leaving the table for the drawing-room. No, one of them was coming upstairs in a bad-tempered rush. It was Aunt Leila, evidently *ennuied* beyond endurance. She fell over you before you could move.

"Oh, get out of the way for an everlasting nuisance!" she cried.

"Everlasting nuisance yourself!" you assured her.

It is the chief charm of an aunt that you can say very many things to her that you would *like* to say to your mother.

Thus being made aware that the stair landing furnished a far from perfect hiding place, and wishing to postpone for as long as possible the pregnant parental interview which the future held in trust, you slid cautiously down the dark side of the banisters and leaked out into the better security of the side porch.

"The peace of the night" is a misleading term; there is no peacefulness in night when one is at war with the world. On the contrary, the night is cold, lonely and sorrowful. Its many voices are all plaintive. The moonlight creeps stealthily from leaf to leaf, from flower to flower, casting a spell of unfriendly remoteness over objects which by day beckon with warm good-comradeship.

As you sat there on the edge of the porch, your toes softly scraping the gravel, you had an awed premonition of the dreary aloofness of all real sorrow. The swift shiver which ran through you was less the chill breath of the night than it was the stern whisper from your afar manhood, telling that it held for you many more moments of just such dreary forsakenness as this.

The vague shiver was followed by a very positive spasm of fright, for you now became aware that another foot besides your own was scrunching the gravel path. Some one was walking slowly around the corner of the house. You scented a whiff of tobacco. Then you saw the glow-point of a cigar. Your father was coming—he was there.

Your heart leaped awfully, then dropped with a sullen thud. Well, let him come. Let him score and flay you, and be done with it. You could stand a little more—perhaps. Under a passive exterior you hardened yourself resistingly. You ejected a bristling aura of defiance.

He sat down very near to you. You threw him a flickering sulky glance. How big he looked, looming against the moonlight! How handsome the clean lines of his profile!

Finally he spoke.

"I did not enjoy my dinner."

You nervously turned this remark over and over in your mind. You could make it no better reply than just itself; so:

"You did not enjoy your dinner?" you mumbled.

"No."

Your heart bumbled up into your neck.

"Why?" you whispered.

"I wanted you."

Again you turned over the words, and again repeated them:

"You wanted me?"

"Yes, I missed you. And I was proud of you, too."

He was never a humorist. It behooved you to probe into this last mystery.

"Proud?"

"Not of everything, of course, but of the gentlemanly, contained way that you took your dismissal from the room. You

did not even let any expression of resentment cross your face. I admire strength of character."

"You admire—"

You dared not further trust yourself to speak. You edged closer up to the protectingly big body.

"Not but what your mother had her good reasons for sending you away. As for your remarks—some things are right only in the right place, son. In the wrong place they become wrong. When doubts—and things—get into your busy head, old boy, suppose you come to me. We'll turn them over and inside out, eh? as man to man. Shall we?"



"OH, GET OUT OF THE WAY FOR AN EVER-LASTING NUISANCE!" SHE CRIED

You gulped something inaudible and flung yourself tight up against his warm, breathing strength. He did not insult you by a kiss, but let his hand drop quietly on your knee, patting it in rhythm to the thoughtful puffing of his cigar.

The night unfriendly? Oh, blessed night of loyal fellowship and humble

self-elation! Oh, mellow moonlight, binding you to your brother-man with silver bands of love! You turned your back nonchalantly upon your past ignominy. You even forgave woman and her tyranny.

To be sure, woman was all right when trouble came in shape of cuts, actual fissures of the flesh, needing rags and lini-

ment; for retributive stomach-aches, needing hot-water bags and spicy drinks; but when it came to those heart-hurts, where the bleeding did not show—to those aches of the spirit, those bruises of the soul, whose dreary throb of suffering was too deep for woman's superficial, rag-bounded ministry—why, then, thank God for dear old Dad!

THE CAT'S-PAW STRIKES

By ANNE WARNER

** Author of "Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop," "Find the Hero," etc.*

WHEN Rayborn came into his office that morning the first thing he saw was Adalbert sitting in a chair by the large desk resting his head on his hand.

Rayborn crossed the room one way and placed his hat and stick where he was accustomed to place them, crossed the room another way and turned the thermostat considerably otherwise, crossed the room the third way and pushed up the window. Then he came back to his own chair, sat down, reached forth a hand for a pile of letters laid there, and as he did so, said in the briskest, most cheerful tone imaginable, "Well, my boy, how are you?"

At that Adalbert sighed with an especially mournful accent and said, "I'm afraid I'm not very well."

Rayborn ran the letters over as if they were a hand at whist and then put them all aside.

"What's the matter?" he asked, raking his desk fore and aft with one comprehensive glance—"Ill?"—He put out his hand for a pen, "Just move your elbow; I want those schedules."

Adalbert moved his elbow, and sighed dolefully.

"I'm afraid so," he said.

Rayborn dipped the pen in the ink and knit his brows over the sight before him for two seconds. Then he reached out again, "Just draw back a little,—I want the copies, too,"—Adalbert drew back and the copies were gotten. "Are you really ill?"

Adalbert nodded slowly and sadly. "My mother has thought so for a long time," he said, "and lately I—well, I'm afraid I"—he stopped; it struck him as so pathetic, his stopping just there, that Rayborn's dashing off of four steady signatures one after another appeared a striking evidence of great nerve.

"Just pass me that packet at your elbow," the older man said, as he threw down the pen,—“thanks; well,”—now he was running over the contents of the packet—"so you've come to agree with your mother—have you?"

Adalbert coughed as hackingly as was possible on the spur of the minute and let it go at that.

Rayborn reached for the pen again. "What is it,—lungs or liver?" he asked, selecting certain sheets and holding his hand in judgment over their headings while he paused for a second ere signing.

"Is that so?—is that really so?"

"I fear it is."

"Have you seen a doctor?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Rivers."

"Ah, the specialist?"

"Yes, sir."

"And he said?"

"He said that it looked serious."

"What did he advise?"

"He said that—well, that I ought to go away."

"Where?"

"Well—to—well—up in the mountains somewhere."

"To live?"

"Oh, no; just for a few months."

At that Rayborn took on fresh ink and began to sign, saying as he did so: "Oh, well, if that's all, that's simple enough. Take your mother and go up in the mountains for six months or so."

"But, sir—"

"I know all that, but that doesn't matter—I'll see to the bills."

"But really, sir—"

"Now look here, there's no use discussing the matter further. Your father served my father's interests and mine faithfully until he died. I'm always glad to have a chance to do for those he left. You know that. There is no sense in going over it again. Hand me my cheque-book."

Adalbert did as he was bid, and a cheque of very generous proportions was made out at once.

"Never mind—never mind," said the donor hurriedly, as gratitude began to flow; "just run along home and pack up and get out, and good luck go with you."

Adalbert, with tears in his eyes and the cheque in his bill-book, departed forthwith.

He was gone a good many months, during which Rayborn went to Seattle once, to Europe twice, and then down through Mexico just to see if he thought business might be done profitably there.

It was a week after his return from the latter country that he again found Adalbert in his office one morning. Adalbert was much improved as to flesh and color, but carefully miserable as to expression. Rayborn beamed a welcome upon him, but Adalbert merely glimmered through a mist—so to speak—in return.

"Did the mountains agree with you?" asked the man who had paid for the trip.

"Sometimes I want to curse the day that I first thought of going among them," declared the young man, with that desperate vigor of despair which change of scene seems to produce as frequently as it does desperate vigor of appetite.

"Dear me, is that so?" said Rayborn, sympathetically; he got out a memorandum book as he spoke and began to take notes on one of its pages, "was it really as bad as that?"

"It was my fate, I suppose!" Adalbert declared, melodramatically.

"Oh—a girl?" said Rayborn, still noting.

Adalbert started—"How did you guess?"

"The usual blasting in the mountains."

"Yes, it's a girl"—a deep sigh.

"What sort of a girl?"

"The sweetest girl God ever made!"

"I asked what sort of a girl?"

"She's a school-teacher."

"What sort of a girl?"

"Dark—hair like a raven's wing."

Rayborn put up the note-book and got out another. "I asked," he said with great distinctness, "what sort of a girl?"

"Oh," said Adalbert, confusedly, "I didn't understand at first. She's—she's sweet and so bright and very affectionate—"

"—To you?"

"N-n-no—to her family."

"Has she a large family?"

"Just her parents and two brothers."

"Does she love you?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know!—How long since you first met her?"

"Three months."

"And all of them vacation months when she didn't have to stick to the school, too?"

Adalbert was conscious of some innuendo. "She's not a girl to be easily won," he said, proudly.

"Do you expect to win her?"

"I want to."

"I didn't ask if you wanted to—I asked you if you expected to win her."

"I hope to."

"How long do you think it will take?"

Adalbert hesitated — Rayborn (who was a very rich man) took the few spare seconds to consider the likelihood of his developing quite a little pension problem of his own out of his generous desire to be generous to the family of the dead and gone clerk.

"Well, really I don't know," Adalbert said at last.

"Don't you know anything about her feelings?"

"I fear not."

"Nothing whatever?"

"She's a very difficult girl to know."

"How so?"

"She won't allow me to—to—express my feelings."

"Can she make you keep your mouth shut about them?"

"I want to please her."

Rayborn finished with the second note-book and began to open his letters.

"Do you think you do please her?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Why don't you push it right along then?"

There was a pause.

"I wish you knew her," Adalbert said at last, "I'm modest—I can't bear to blow my own trumpet."

Rayborn bent above his letters for a minute.

"Couldn't you scrape up a few blasts?" he asked then.

"I can't bear to talk about myself."

"That's a pity—when you're in love, too."

"I can't help it—it's my nature."

Rayborn finished his letters and picked up a big folded document.

"What's her name and address?" he asked, as he removed two elastic bands.

Adalbert told him.

"I'll go up and see her myself next week."

"Oh, Mr. Rayborn!"

"And come back and tell you what I think."

"Oh, Mr. Rayborn!"

"All right; and now you go on, for I've a lot to do this morning."

Adalbert, after some few flowery expressions of his everlasting state of blissful indebtedness, went away, and an hour after he was gone Rayborn, forced to cease work long enough to light a cigar, took the consequent leisure to wonder why he bothered himself with any of it. "Is it love of nature, meaning mountains, or love of human nature, meaning"—he intended to name his friend, but the cigar drew heat just at that second, and so he shut his eyes at once and began to do a contractor's problem in his head.

It was about a week later that he made time for the trip, leaving town at one o'clock and seeing his way clearly to returning on the five-o'clock train for an appointment at six-fifteen. He took a long proposition done in typewriting and freely commented on both by an expert's red ink and an especially able-bodied blue pencil which he always wore over his heart in business hours, to occupy the time to be consumed by the train in climbing the mountain.

Adalbert—who was in town at the time—did not know that that day was the day of his friend's departure. But he knew that he would go some time because he had said that he would, and so he had braced his case as firmly as he knew how by various eulogies upon

Rayborn's prominence, wealth, character, good judgment and devoted fondness for himself. The girl had listened open-eyed and thoughtful. "I don't think that I should like him if I ever met him," she had said in response. Whereupon Adalbert, with a vague sense of repaying all his indebtedness by ardent partizanship at this hour of apparent need, had redoubled his eulogies throughout five minutes more. The girl had listened to him way to the end, and when he was done—"I'm sure that I shall dislike him," she had said calmly, and Rayborn as a topic of conversation ceased between them.

Getting down at the station the visiting man from town asked where the girl's father lived. The father was, he knew, a broken-down clergyman who had come into the wilds for many reasons. Adalbert had never found out the tenth part as much as his protector already knew about the family—but then Rayborn was of the kind that writes a name on a slip of paper and puts it in the slot at night and finds a synopsis of the name's whole family history on the desk in the morning. There exists a necessity for such slots in the lives of men who want to befriend Adalberts—or do other questionable kindnesses.

On his way up the long road that led to the house he saw the girl coming toward him and knew her at once by intuition. She was a tall girl—taller than Adalbert and nearly as tall as Rayborn himself—and her head was set upon her shoulders very well and squarely. She had big gray eyes, and she looked steadily at the approaching man with a gaze of wide and rather cold curiosity. Rayborn took off his hat.

"Miss Fay?" he said, with no question in his face.

She stopped in some surprise.

"I am Rayborn," he said simply. And didn't at all like the look with which she received the information. Nor the way that she stood mute.

"You know me by name, surely."

"Yes, surely."

For the first time in his whole life the strong man hesitated. This was a very strange girl, apparently.

"What have you come for?" she asked while he was still hesitating.

"I see that I don't know," he replied frankly; "of course, I thought that I knew when I took the train, but, of course, I see now that I didn't."

She lifted her eyes and covered his face with the same sort of comprehensive sweep-up that he used exclusively upon the upper surface of his desk.

"Mr. Rayborn," she said, quite calmly, "did you come up here actually thinking that there was a woman in the world who was fool enough to marry that man?"

Rayborn felt absolutely taken aback.

"We're poor," she went on, "and I'm only a school teacher, but—my gracious—I want to make something out of my life. I shouldn't care to marry an invalid under any circumstances, but a man who goes to regain his health at another man's expense"—she paused—and then she said almost fiercely, "can't you find any better use for your money than to keep him alive?"

All the nerves and fibers in Rayborn's body seemed rushing to stand at attention. And she didn't take long in getting them in action either.

"A man who is eternally praising another man," she said, with a storm of knife-edged scorn in her words; "a man who looks for his strength where he looks for his money. A man who bolsters his self-esteem by descanting on how fine a man esteems him. A man who asks another man to intercede—"

"Stop," said Rayborn. "I offered, I believe."

"I don't care which way it was," she cried stormily, "it doesn't matter. What matters it that you—a man, a real man—have been willing to come up here to try and see if some woman who is a

stranger to you, and against whom you can have no possible cause for hate—"

"Hate!"

"Hate, I said. You just came here to see if some living creature couldn't be persuaded to look kindly on that worthless weakling—just as if a human life didn't count—just as if a trip to the mountains for one's health and a woman's whole future existence were things on a par."

Rayborn began to whiten and bite his lips.

"I say nothing for myself," he said, "but you're unduly hard on Adalbert. He's a very fine fellow in many ways—"

"Oh, I beg—" said the girl. "I know you paid for his education and gave him his watch and have been princely in general; but that doesn't increase my respect for you—or lessen it for him. The kind of man he is ought to have been born in Spartan days and gotten out on the hills for the full three days when the weather was below freezing."

"Aren't you unduly bitter?"

"Not at all."

"Do you know what you lead me to believe?"

"No; what?"

"That you really care for him. No woman was ever so moved by indifference."

She put her hands to her face with a gesture of quick passion.

"I'll tell you the truth," she said. "I did care for him. I could have cared for him. I would have cared for him, but he's such a coward. He's so afraid of me. He started to kiss me once and I asked him not to do it; so he didn't. I'll never forgive that. Then he went to town and deliberately sent you up here to plead for him. I'll never forgive that. You tried to, and—and—and"—she stopped, her lips parted, and her white teeth showed between them, clinched hard—"and you tried to, and you've let me keep you from it; you've posed as his friend and stood still and let me ma-

lign him; you've become afraid of me yourself. And I'll never forgive that. They don't make men in the world any more; they're all beasts or cowards."

She paused, choking for breath.

Rayborn looked up the mountain road, there was no one in sight; he whirled on his heel and looked down the road; no one in sight there either. He seized her by the arm, passed his other hand behind her, and, gripping her belt firmly, lifted her off her feet and dragged her into the thick woods at the side. She tried to scream, but the terrific pressure about her waist and her fright allowed her only to gasp in loud moans.

"Don't," said Rayborn, "I'm not a beast, but I've never been called a coward before, and, by God, I didn't come up here to-day to have a girl say it to me for the first time."

They were out of sight of the road by this time and he continued to plunge through the thicket until they were out of hearing also. Then, when the silence of nature surrounded them on all sides, he stopped, let her free, watched her sink down upon the grass, and looked to see her burst into tears.

But she only gasped and panted and put her hands to her temple at first, and then to her waist where he had pressed it so hard. Her lips looked blue and her eyelids were downcast.

He stood before her with tightly folded arms.

"I'm going to admit all you say about Adalbert," he said presently. "Adalbert can go to the devil for all I care after this, but how could I know that it was just you that he had run across? Lots of women could have loved and married him—and been reasonably happy. You admit yourself that you liked him—all but his weakness. He is weak, but strong women generally like weak men. I see that you don't. I confess that you look as if you didn't like strength much better, but that isn't your lookout; your

lookout is that you've got to take back that about all men being beasts or cowards. I'm a man and I won't stand for it—not one second. Now take it back."

Her head fell a little from side to side against the tree. Her lips trembled—and were still.

Rayborn knelt down beside her, got out his pocket flask and pressed it to her teeth. Some ran out of her mouth, but a little ran in. She put up her hand and pushed him away.

"Take it back," he said.

Her hand fell heavily down at her side again. He shook her ever so slightly, more with a vague idea of starting her to breathing than anything else this time, but she only moaned.

"Do take it back," he said.

She moaned and pressed her side, and then her hand sank down and her fingers rested in the grass.

He got his arm around her and her head against him, and a throbbing of fearful horror began to dry his mouth; it pulsed in his wrists that he could not tell himself how much of his strength had been put forth against her slenderness. He looked into her face and saw that her very lips were white now. Her eyes were not entirely closed, however.

"You needn't take it back," he whis-

pered hoarsely, "never mind about all that. It's all right—everything is all right—only speak to me—say I haven't hurt you badly—say—"

She lifted up her lids and looked at him.

"Three thousand times a coward," she said,—and fainted in his arms.

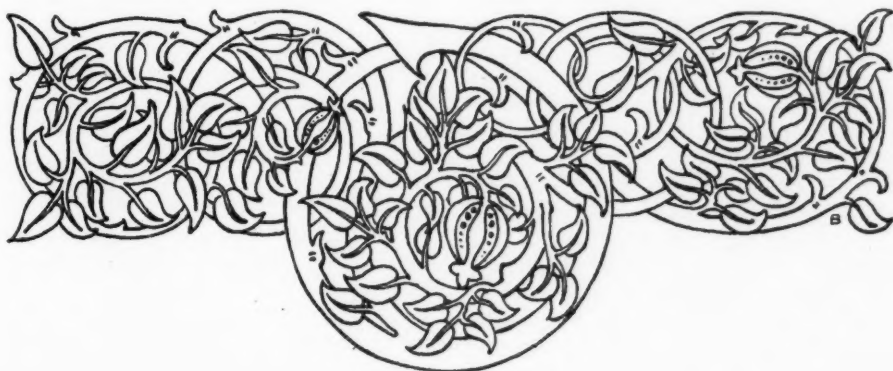
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It was only a little while after when Adalbert, smoking one of the kind of cigarettes which he could afford, received from the hands of his well-worn but still serviceable mother a letter. He was at home, and it was Sunday, and they were expecting to take the noon train out of town. To the mountains, in fact. The letter had been left by a private messenger. It ran thus:

DEAR ADALBERT—I have just found a chance for you to make your everlasting fortune. Magnificent opening in Paris. Very fine salary attached. My advice is to defer all love affairs until you've sized up the French field. The possibilities are great. I shan't be in town before you leave, but I have written Clifford as to details. You ought to sail Tuesday.

Yours,

RAYBORN.



SHE IS MARY-GOLD

By EDITH RICKERT

Author of "The Reaper," "The Golden Hawk," etc.

HAVE you heard that old joke that used to crop up year after year on Varnishing Day at the Academy, about Culbertson and his "Yellow Girl"? No? After all, it's not worth repeating, but the facts behind it—well, perhaps they are.

For a man of distinct ability, my far-away cousin Culbertson was slow enough to get on. He was close upon thirty when, after half a dozen failures, he managed to get into Burlington House, with the portrait of a striking girl. To be sure, it was skied in the small room devoted to undiscovered genius; but Culbertson was pleased enough to drag me there—much against my will, for I hate being polite at the expense of truth.

"There she is, Ethel," he cried, looking as if he were ten years younger. "Now be nice for once."

But I judged it kinder to be cold. "Why didn't you tell her to wash her face?" Then I tried to get a decent light on the production. "Is she freckled or what?"

"Come to the studio to-morrow and you shall see," he flung at me like a challenge; and as I always kept an eye on my cousin's love affairs, being genuinely anxious that he should marry well when he did marry, I broke an engagement to accept his invitation.

She was already there when I arrived, trying to collect enough tea-things out of Culbertson's odd pieces of china and silver to serve for us three. My first thought was that she seemed very much at home. Then Culbertson introduced us: "Ethel, this is Mary-Gold. Mary, Ethel wants to know why you didn't wash your face?"

Then I said, quite honest in my admiration: "And he calls that yellow

splash at the Academy a portrait of you!"

She answered us both together: "It's the freckles, you see; and they won't wash off. And my name isn't Gold, as you might think—"

"No, gold's her nature, and that's why I call her so," said Culbertson, and his face, when he looked at her, gave him away completely. Well, in looks she certainly was gold—hair like new-coined sovereigns, golden glints in her brown eyes, freckles (which doubtless my cousin included in the yellow glow), and a smile like a sudden uplift of sunshine on a gray day. I could not tell whether her character were of the same precious metal.

When I went away first, he shut the door softly behind us and looked at me for my opinion.

"Of course," said I, a little nettled that he had kept his secret so well, "I may congratulate you?"

He flushed, as if I had said something painful. "Don't—nothing of the sort. Why will women always think—? We're only friends, you know."

"Oh, la, la!" said I, or thought it. "We all know how that ends."

"Not in this case," answered he, looking disturbed, even distressed.

"Then," said I, gathering up my skirts to descend, "look out. If you go on like this, people will talk."

"Like what?" said he. "I suppose I may paint her if I choose?"

"If you can," I teased him, and added irrelevantly: "But why won't she? She ought to like you, Geordie."

He shrugged, but whether he then could not tell the truth or only would not say, I do not know.

"She'll come round," said I.

"No," said he, and could not quite keep tragedy out of his face, "she's said it and she won't. But I've got to paint her, you see, if I'm to get on; and she knows that, so she's willing to be friends."

I shook my head, but was afraid to express my disapproval in words. Of course, the situation was impossible; and I was curious to see how it would develop.

It developed into a series of most curious pictures hung year after year at the Royal Academy—pictures which set us all to guessing what was the actual state of affairs.

The year after "the smudge," as I nicknamed his first accepted picture, he had an *Autumn*—no rain, no falling leaves, no pretty sentiment; but a great swirl of passionate color just frosted by the nearness of death. There was a flare of sunset between the bare trunks of a purple beech-wood; and she was coming down an aisle of trees, little more than a purple shadow herself, but for the rim of golden light behind that outlined her straight slimness. She was like the shadow of a flame, if you understand what I mean. I thrilled as I looked at the picture, as I had thrilled at her presence when I saw her. "Poor Geordie!" was my thought. "She can—if you paint truly—why doesn't she?" But the critics wrote that it was a picture of great promise.

The next year I was sorry to see that he chose a story subject. But I was wholly unprepared for the *Tristan and Isolde* that he had produced. He must have found some old, less familiar form of the legend, or invented it; or perhaps the fancy was hers. His Isolde stood at the door of a little thatched pavilion in the depths of a summer forest—all greens, sunlit and shadowy. And she herself was in the full blaze of the sun, cloth of gold, blaze of topaz and amber, until she seemed no earthly treasure. And Tristan, a huntsman in yellow

leather, kneels to take her in all humility, while she, with a face full of terror and love, holds in her bare hands between the two of them an unsheathed sword.

"Surely," said I to myself, "there is some barrier between them that would cut them both like Isolde's sword." But I never guessed what it might be. The critics said that the artist had a message, but was not yet clear as to its purport.

Ah, but the year after that came Nemesis. I believe that I saw scarcely a favorable criticism of *The Judas-Tree*, although nearly every journal—and that was a good sign—seemed impelled to notice it. But "Decadence" loomed large in their utterance. I grant it was perhaps a mad idea to paint a woman as a tree; but in some fashion he made the thing so that one could not tell where tree began and woman ended. She was dressed in some dark velvety thing, her body twisted and her arms thrown up unevenly to simulate branches, and her hair as a wealth of purple blossom; and from one of her branches she dangled a man—here the critics had their best laugh—not actually hanging him, but strangling him with a knotted cord, so that he lay in a heap on the earth. And the pale face that half showed among the purple hair was that of a vengeful sprite.

"Here's pretty work," said I to myself. "What has she done to him? This grows interesting."

Several times during the year I tried to see my cousin, but chance or fate or his own will prevented.

His next picture was even more extraordinary. It was called *The Cup of Life*, and was as strongly allegorical as the last. Life was shown as a vivid youth with deep eyes, and the cup that he held out was a glorious beaker, such as Benvenuto himself might not have shamed to make, brimming and foaming over with a liquid as golden. (My cousin had certainly improved in his handling

of metal-work.) But the girl to whom this richness was offered was a blanched, shrinking creature, whose faded colors scarcely suggested the treasures of Mary-Gold. Her face was of an intense longing, painful to see; but her attitude was of fear, and with her hands she put away the beautiful thing. And it was wonderful to see how the background, which began as a bower interwoven of blossoms and branches, broke away in hanging shreds and showed a storm-ridden sky. And if the long yellow light, low and far away, that cast some reflection on the figure of the woman, were not intended for some pale gleam of duty, then my interpretation of the allegory is at fault. But I am sure that it marked a definite spiritual crisis in the fortunes of those two. Of this picture some of the critics said that it was well enough, but too much under the spell of Watts, and lacked reality—bless them!

I was not greatly surprised after that to learn that my cousin had left town abruptly, without saying good-by to any one, and was supposed to be traveling in the far East.

It was three years before I had any definite news of him; and that came only in the form of a small picture at Burlington House. It was called *Plunder*, and was nothing more than an empty room of marble and tile and an Oriental carpet on which lay a heap of silk stuffs, gold vessels and gems. But as I looked at it I fancied, with cousinly prejudice it may be, that Van Eyck himself could not have done that little thing more perfectly. And yet there was mourning among Culbertson's friends—among those, at least, who had believed in him as a messenger from high heaven. It seemed now that many more contrived to pull him off his little pedestal than had contrived to set him up.

The next year he sent nothing to the Academy; but I saw a notice of a small collection of his etchings to be seen in a private gallery. They were all studies of

the Syrian desert, and I came away with a sense of escape from nightmare. When I asked at the gallery for his address, I was politely referred to his solicitor.

After that—it seems incredible—I heard nothing for four years. Then came his *Madonna*. It brought a sense of shock to those of us who had known the man. I hate to try to describe the picture, for I have never met any one who could even faintly give a true impression of it in words. It is a round picture. The outside is very dark—blue—perhaps the sky, but not clearly designated. The woman holds out her hands toward the looker, in them what seems at first a vague white radiance that throws out all the light in the picture. But in this glow of flame you may presently see the figure of the child, strangely foreshortened, with the head toward you, and rayed with gold so that it is difficult to say whether it is meant to be a baby or a star. The light is thrown upon the mother's thin, sensitive hands, upon her pale face, and touches gold gleams in her eyes. No hair is visible, and the darkness of her hood and cloak and robe melt gradually into the outer blue of the picture. *The Lanthorn of Light* is the fantastic title that Culbertson chose.

When the critics came to write, one and all, they laid aside that stale joke about the "Yellow Girl"—or perhaps they did not recognize the woman. Some of them said that religious mania was less offensive than the artist's earlier freaks; others that "a note of power and originality," etc., etc.; his friends wrote "Culbertson is on the way to finding himself." And I, knowing even a little of his inner history, felt that they were right. But for all the beauty of line and color, for all the spiritual power of this last picture, I was dominated rather by a sense of unrest and sadness. The splendor of light became, in the artist's hands, almost a tragedy, not the glow of peace.

Three years later, when I stood be-

fore a portrait of Mary-Gold, I felt that he had attained to this supreme achievement. He had learned to subdue the splendor of her coloring and to bring out its significance. The whole thing is brown, but turning to red, to purple, to blue, to green, to gold. Her magnificent hair is dull compared with the barbaric crown that he once believed it to be; her eyes are like misty sunshine; her smile is evanescent, but infinitely glad. But the figure rests and the face is strong in peace; and I could not but think that the artist as well had come to the end of his seeking.

I was not greatly surprised as I stood there, when he touched me on the shoulder. He was as thin as ever and very gray. His face was deeply marked; but when I looked from his work to his eyes, I felt that he had come through the waters.

"She looks her name," said I softly, "the very genius of spiritual wealth!"

I could see that I had pleased him. "You are right," said he, and added: "I shall never do better than that."

I found it difficult to ask questions. "And she?" I stumbled over the words.

"She is my wife," said he. "Shall we sit down a few moments?"

And so, with people passing and re-passing before the work of his hands, he told me briefly the burden of his life. He did not look to see or to hear what people thought of his work; but he watched the portrait as if to him it were alive.

"I am another Jacob," said he quietly, "but I outwaited him. It has been nearly seventeen years. And she loved me all the while. It has been a strange Atalanta chase for us from end to end of the world. And whenever I came too near, she threw me a golden apple, in the way of letting me paint a picture. You know how we began. You saw the *Autumn*? The mystery was very dense then; but when I was doing the *Isolde*, she made me feel that sword. It cut into

the spirit—we won't talk of it, nor of the *Judas-Tree*. I was insane then; and she—poor thing!—nearly as bad, though I did not know. She acted—she acted well until the time of *The Cup*, and then she broke down and told me a little. I was a fool, I suppose, but I did not understand. I knew she was not bound in any way, and yet the renunciation was forced upon her. I could not fathom it. We parted and I went out into the desert—you know? I don't remember how many years it was; but we were bound to meet again. It was the mere pull of our two natures—across the world, I suppose. I found her in a little wayside village church in Italy—it couldn't have been more wonderful; and there I made her stop until I had painted the *Lanthorn*.

"When it was done, she laid her hand on my shoulder—the nearest she had ever come to me up to then, and she said: 'You have read my face. You ought to know that you are right. It would be the greatest thing in the world for me to have a child, but there's insanity, you know, in our family for generations back.' What could I do? I can't go into the story, Ethel, even to you. I thought she might have trusted me, but she ran away again—ran away in the night, before I had finished the picture. I sent it as it was—and I don't know that any one ever noticed—"

"I stayed on in the place, but I did no painting for a year or two. At last I began upon the peasants, talked with them, learned to know them, sketched them, painted them and painted them out, or else gave them to the sitters. I suppose I acquired some little skill in those bad days. I think I had a feeling that if I waited on long enough she would come back to me. So I said to myself I should stop until I died—and after, if I could; and the end would be sure. After all, it was only three years before she came back to that church where we had sat and talked; and there

we sat and talked again. And I was bitter about the seventeen lost years; but she would not let me speak—she drew the converse of the picture—she was always gold unalloyed, my Mary. But she made me see how the fire through which we had passed was the very breath of life. And when she stopped speaking I sat thinking of the past and what it had meant and what the future might mean: how all the things of which we are deprived in reality enter into the spirit and live there and give life.

And I was afraid to ask again, though I had been seeking so long.

"It was herself who said: 'And if we have both learned how to live—and have fought the fight to the end—now that we are growing old—?' It's not a thing to put into words, Ethel—"

But I pondered over all that it meant. "She was right—right as people rarely are in this world," said I at last.

And he answered: "She is Mary-Gold. And will you come and see her now?"



THE CUP

By SAMUEL McCOY

The cup of love she brought and bore,—
With her own soul 'twas brimming,
My hand that took it trembled sore,
My eyes with tears were dimming.

I said: "Dear, give me not this cup,
I dare not drink its fullness,
My heart past measure would well up,
My drought die at its coolness."

She said: "Dear, it is ours to drink,
My soul thus overflowing,
Rapture from which we dare not shrink
Which sanctifies past knowing."

And so together we shall know
This joy too strange for telling,
And ever faint with rapture go
Toward where the Source is welling.



MEN
WOMEN AND
AFFAIRS

OUR OWN TIMES

BOOKS
THE ARTS AND
THE DRAMA

THE Fourth of July this year has an added significance, for it marks the centenary of the birth of a man who, during his stormy life, riveted the attention of a large part of the civilized world, and who fought so stoutly for the liberation of his countrymen that he became not only the hero of his own nation, but the beau ideal of independence the world over.

The career of Giuseppe Garibaldi was romantic enough to have provided a dozen fiction writers with material; yet they have practically overlooked it. His prowess has been celebrated by a few versifiers, but there yet remains to be written an adequate biography of one of the most disinterested and picturesque personages of the nineteenth century. Born in Nice, he followed the sea until he was twenty-one years of age, and had attained to the captaincy of a ship. While in that capacity he met first a Fourierite and then an Italian patriot, and his talks with these two men induced him to give up the sea and to devote himself to the liberation of his country. It was not long before his enthusiasm got him into trouble with the government of Piedmont, and he was obliged to flee with a price upon his head.

He went to South America, and for a time engaged in trade at Rio, but in the nature of things he could not long content himself in an enterprise of this sort. He soon found work more to his liking, and he was for years the republican military leader in Paraguay, Uruguay and the turbulent provinces of South Brazil. He gathered about him a band of followers, rough riders of the day, splendid horsemen and capital shots, and with these men at his back he struck terror to the hearts of the petty tyrants of South America. Here was life to his liking. He wooed and married a remarkable young woman—a beautiful Amazon who could ride like a centaur and shoot like Buffalo Bill, and this pair was fairly idolized by the rampant republicans who called Garibaldi cap-

tain. But the Italian's ear was ever open for news from his own country, and when general amnesty was proclaimed there he set out with about eighty men and offered his services to Charles Albert of Piedmont.

His services to Italy, futile in the establishment of a republic, but afterward gloriously successful, are history, but they await, as has been said, an adequate biographer. No popular leader of that century enjoyed such adoration from his followers as did Garibaldi. He had in him much of the stuff of which heroes are made. Not only did the splendid daring of his deeds bear out those wild tales of his South American career which had preceded him to Italy, but he proved, at the same time, to be an admirable general; and, over and above all this, he was an impassioned orator—an inspired leader of men. No general ever was more loved than he. There was, apparently, no discipline among his men, yet, actually, he ruled them with great firmness; and he remained absolutely honest and disinterested in the midst of fearful corruption and self-seeking; he was personally and morally brave, and his guerrilla warfare was amazingly brilliant. Frankly egotistic, he was simple and single-hearted. It was said of him that he was "the most transparent of men, hiding neither his admiration nor his hatred, giving free play to his emotions, easily swayed on the surface, but cleaving immovably to his dominant purpose."

Such a personality wedded to brave deeds will always stir the hearts of humanity. While he lived he was as a light in darkness, and his luminary is not yet quenched. In this, our month of independence, it is fitting to pay a tribute to this Italian patriot whose whole life was a struggle for liberty, and whose old age was crowned with the memories of a gallant past and the realization of the success—belated though it was—of those valorous and hazardous blows struck in the cause of freedom.

PROFESSOR John B. Watson, a member of the psychology department of the University of Chicago, has left for a desolate and uninhabited isle in the Gulf of Mexico, where he will live, attended only by a servant, for the purpose of studying a species of birds. These birds, as yet untabulated, are very singular. They are nearly extinct and of rare interest to zoölogists. Scientists have made repeated observations off the east coast of Florida, and expect a report of great interest from Professor Watson when he returns from his uncharted island. It is a member of the Dry Tortugas group, lying seventy miles off the west coast of Florida, quite out of the path of commerce, utterly unpeopled and nearly barren of vegetation. The investigation is being made at the expense of the Carnegie Institute, which in making selection of a fit man secured Professor Watson as being a scientist of acute inquisitiveness. He attained some note recently by his experiments with white mice, which, he declares, possess a sense not found in man. This is a sense of direction. Books, an abundance of food and apparatus for experimentation, water, and clothes for sunshine and storm as they are known in the tropics, comprise Professor Watson's paraphernalia. It does seem as if a phonograph might have helped some, but there is no indication that he carried one of these sociable machines.

ENGLAND and America have agreed that the present generation has seen no *Hamlet* comparable to that offered by Mr. Forbes-Robertson. The critics abroad and in this country comment upon the freedom, the naturalness and credibility of the performance of this *Hamlet*, who was neither mad nor inconsistent, but who was perpetually put from the track his free and generous nature would have followed by the treachery and lies, the cheatings and ignobilities of others. Mr. Bernard Shaw, commenting on Mr. Forbes-Robertson's *Hamlet*, says: "It is wonderful how easily everything comes right when you have the right man with the right mind for it—how the story tells itself, how the characters come to life, how even the failures of the cast can not confuse you, though they can disappoint you."

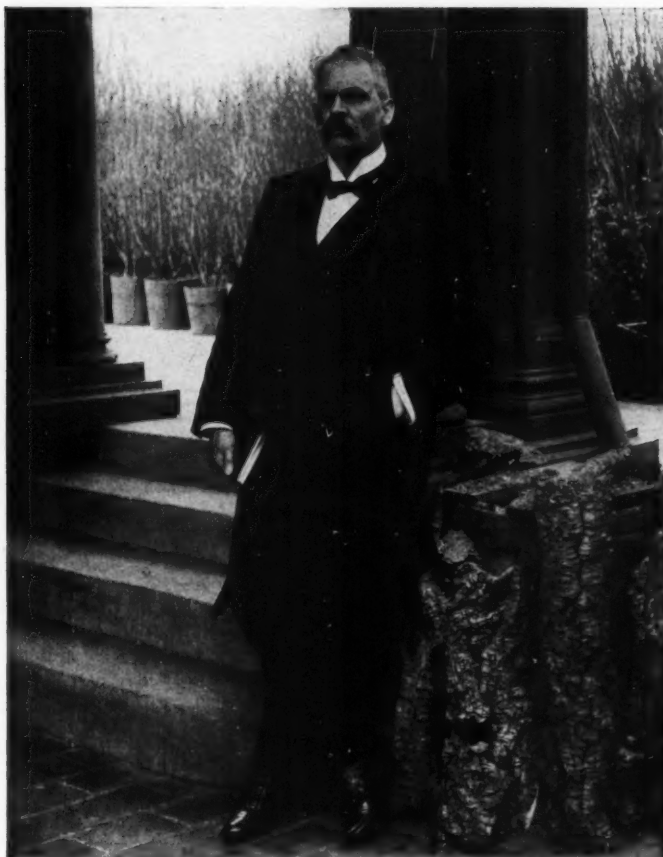
The English actor brought to this country a number of new readings of the great lines

of *Hamlet*, and these readings were without exception in the way of greater spontaneity and naturalness. No one who has witnessed the part but has gone away with a feeling that *Hamlet* is, after all, the English essence—the part of parts—the core of English drama. And to the spontaneity of reading and the naturalistic effects Mr. Forbes-Robertson, who is his own manager, added scenery which greatly assisted the simplicity of the production. He employed a number of beautiful drops, designed by the late William Morris, in the place of cumbersome scenery, and these drops, which could be lowered without delay or difficulty, greatly facilitated the movement of the play. For example, the opening scene on the platform before the castle is but a back drop, picturing high ramparts and a frowning tower of the castle mistily outlined against a slightly clouded sky. There is a softly diffused moonlight, and a mystic and exquisite haziness—fit envelopment for sad ghosts! The scene shifts, it will be remembered, "to another part of the platform." Another drop is lowered, glimpsing the rocky shore of the sea, and within the shadow of the castle's mighty towers. The shifting of scenery is also obviated by having the scenes that are usually set in a room in *Polonius'* house placed in the royal castle, where it is quite reasonable that *Polonius*, a high officer of the court, should be in attendance, with his daughter and personal servants. There is not opportunity here to point out the many improvements devised by Mr. Forbes-Robertson. But it is really astonishing, to one who has seen the cumbersome movement of the play by the old-line actors, to observe with what ease and reasonableness the play progresses, and with what simplicity the heroic part can be played. The character is made to move with a sort of passionate impulsiveness, and by the accentuation of this quality the murky wit, the sudden despairs, the poignant glimpses of joy forbidden, and the desperate acceptance of destiny, are made sequent and logical. One is reminded of the young poet in "Candida." The "business" is chosen upon this same conception of the essential impulsiveness of the part, and the famous speeches, of old made formidable by lugubrious elocution, in Mr. Forbes-Robertson's management, seem to rush from a surcharged heart.

WALTER Wellman, who is about to make the novel experiment of reaching the North Pole in an airship, is no novice in Arctic exploration, having made two attempts by boat to reach that desired point—once in 1894, and again four years later. The airship which has been designed for this purpose is said to be the largest ever made. It has three motors with an aggregate of eighty horse-power. The car is of steel, and besides this weight there are to be five men, food for seventy-five days, a steel boat, two motor sledges, and over two tons of gasoline. Its length is one hundred and eighty feet, its average speed is twelve miles an hour.

A corps of scientists and aeronaut experts will accompany the explorer to Spitzbergen, where the airship will be tried out and then sent on its hazardous journey. It was intended to have started last year, but the airship was not completed in time.

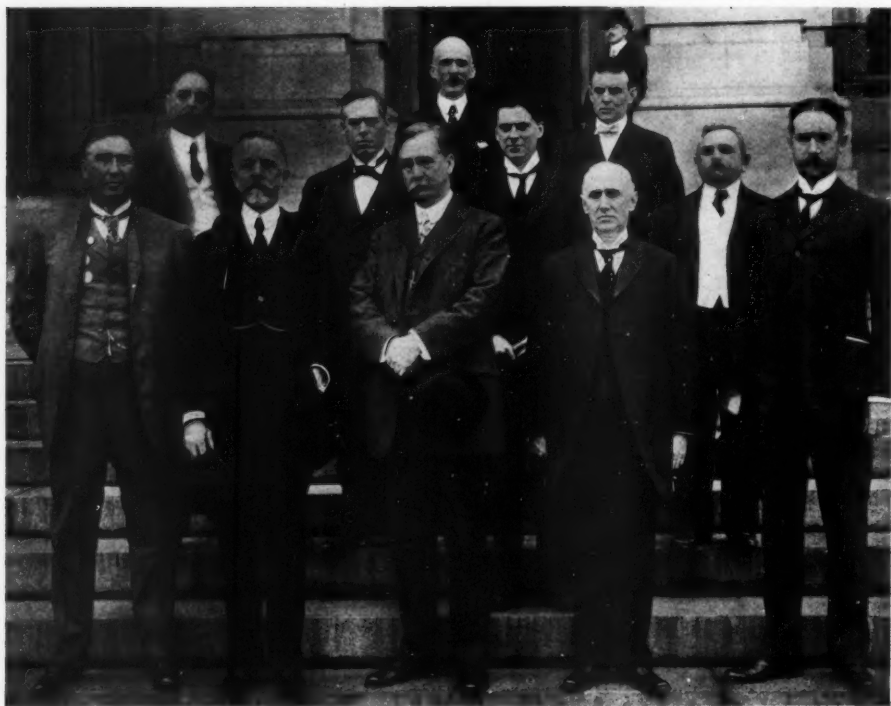
It will be remembered that Andree, the explorer, tried to reach the Pole by balloon several years ago, but was lost. His fate does not deter Mr. Wellman, who believes he can make the trip of six hundred miles in the air with safety and return to tell about it. Walter Wellman is forty-eight years old and was born in Mentor, Ohio. After running a weekly newspaper in Nebraska, he returned to Ohio and did journalistic work in Cincinnati. For many years he has been the Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, which is financing the trip.



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WALTER WELLMAN

TO "make full inquiry, examination and investigation by subcommittee or otherwise into the subject of immigration" is the duty set forth by law for the immigration commission which sailed last month from Boston for Europe. It has begun its work with one of the most elaborate foreign expeditions ever undertaken in the name of government inquiry. Briefly stated, the task of the commission is to ascertain who are "undesirable citizens" among the hordes of aliens who come annually to our shores. The creation of the commission is a result of the long disagreement between the senate and house as to the form in which the last immigration bill should pass.



Photograph by The National Press Association, Washington

MEMBERS OF THE IMMIGRATION COMMISSION, WHICH WAS AUTHORIZED BY THE RECENT SESSION OF CONGRESS, NOW IN SESSION IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

From left to right: Senator A. C. Latimer, South Carolina. Mr. W. R. Wheeler, California. Senator H. C. Lodge, Massachusetts. Professor J. W. Jenks, Cornell University. Senator W. P. Dillingham, Vermont, Chairman. Mr. Morton E. Crane, Massachusetts, Secretary. Representative W. S. Bennett, New York. Mr. Walter W. Husband, Clerk Senate Committee. Representative B. F. Howell, New Jersey. Representative J. L. Burnett, Alabama. Commissioner of Labor Charles P. Neill.

As carried through the senate in the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress the immigration bill provided a rigid educational test, for which Senator Lodge was largely responsible. When the bill reached the house there was a hot contest in the committee. Representative W. S. Bennett, of New York City, came out as an opponent of the educational test. He held that such a test would bar out from this land of liberty many immigrants who really would make good citizens. Speaker Cannon inclined strongly to the support of Mr. Bennett, and the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress ended in a deadlock.

The prospect for agreement between the two branches of Congress was not much brighter at the last session. The bill was passed by the house differing in many as-

pects from the form in which it passed the senate. Finally, after many unavailing committee meetings, relief came in the form of the incident of the exclusion of Japanese children from the white schools of San Francisco. Japan's sensitiveness to any deviation from the respect accorded a world power of the first class made this discrimination a diplomatic incident. It was also a political affair, for the citizens of California deeply resented the drubbing given them by the president in his annual message to Congress. The solution found was an amendment to the immigration bill providing that Japanese should not be admitted except upon presentation of passports to this country. Japan thereupon agreed not to issue any passports to the United States, and the San Francisco school board rescinded its action.

The amendment having been agreed on, it was necessary that the disputed bill become law; so the points in conflict were settled, the provision for a commission to study the question of immigration was added, the bill was adopted by both senate and house, and the commission appointed.

Under the law, the vice-president had the authority to name three members of the senate, and this he did by appointing Senators Dillingham of Vermont, Lodge of Massachusetts, and Latimer of South Carolina. Speaker Cannon named Representatives Howell of New Jersey, Bennett of New York, and Burnett of Alabama. President Roosevelt had the appointment of the other three, and designated Professor J. W. Jenks of Cornell University, W. R. Wheeler of Oakland, California, who represents the Pacific coast, where immigration is a vital question, and Charles P. Neill, commissioner of labor. Many of the commissioners have left for Europe and will be gone most of the summer.

When it is realized that the eighty mil-

lions of people in this country is being increased at the rate of one million annually by influx of foreigners, it can be appreciated what a task the commission has, to inspect at first hand the sources of this prospective citizenship. Possessing powers to recommend to Congress the conclusions of the commission will have great future weight in determining the policy of Congress in dealing with the immigration question.

A NEW fear has just been created for the human race. Siegfried wandered far and adventured much without finding fear, and the human race has come on down its long path without discovering the particular apprehension which has now been invented by Major Charles E. Woodruff, surgeon in the United States army. He has decided that we ought to be afraid of sunshine. He says: "'God's sunlight' has had credit for more false merits than any other of the various superstitions to which men have fallen victims. We recognize the fact that it kills bacteria, but we ignorantly fail to reflect that



YALE STUDENTS IN THE CAST OF IBSEN'S "THE PRETENDERS," PRESENTED BY THE YALE UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION

College dramatic societies are, more and more, rendering distinct service to the cause of drama of high grade. To cite a few examples, it was through the hearty approval of student audiences that the memorable "Everyman" of the Ben Greet Players found a larger popularity; the Tragical Historie of Doctor Faustus was presented at Princeton University in April last; and the dignified open-air presentations of Greek drama at Harvard and at Berkeley have been not without effect on the stage of the whole country.

it has just as fatal an effect on the protoplasm which composes the human system. 'God's sunlight' is producing neurasthenia and cardiac feebleness and anæmia, is promoting tuberculosis, and increasing insanity and suicide every day, not only in the tropics, but here in New York. 'God's cloudiness,' wherever it is found, the shade of dark houses and trees and awnings is promoting health, sanity and long life."

He has much to say that is interesting concerning the effect of climate upon nations. He finds the United States, with its bright daylight and its southern latitude, peculiarly fitted for Italians, Armenians, Arabians, Hungarians, Slavs and Asiatics, but ill adapted to the English, the Scandinavian and the Scotch. He advocates artificial defense against light. We must, Major Woodruff urges, "abandon this nonsense about 'God's sunshine.'"

This affords as rare an opportunity for worry as could have been devised! California, Arizona, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Kansas, Nebraska, all the "sunny south," Texas, that little nation, must get their awnings or perish! And those desert towns that congratulate themselves on being the refuge for the ailing, that imagined they had seen tuberculosis sufferers by the thousand shake off their fell disease, they, it appears, have been under a delusion—an exhilarating hallucination! Back to the shadows, then, and the mephitic caves, and the dim old vault-like rooms! Back to the dark tenements and the narrow streets of the ancient cities! Back to underground dungeons and subterranean passages! All our compassion for those who "dwelt in darkness" has, it appears, been misplaced. It was really we, walking abroad in fields and on sunny streets, sitting by our south windows and tending our gardens on the southern slopes, who were to have been compassionated. Major Woodruff is to be congratulated on having added an entirely new item to the innumerable list of apprehensions with which man saddens his life.

JUSTICE does sometimes prevail, the pessimists to the contrary. With two such events in one month as the capitulation of the machine opposition to Governor Hughes at Albany and the confession of Boss Ruef at San Francisco, good citizens should take

heart. The unexpected happened in both cases. After the defeat of Governor Hughes in his attempt to remove Insurance Superintendent Kelsey, it appeared as though all the executive's efforts at reform were to go for naught, and that the powers of evil were to prevail in the legislature as theretofore. The governor's pet measure, the public utilities bill, hung in the balance and the combined power of the united Republican and Democratic machines seemed to doom it to defeat. Suddenly, without warning or explanation of any sort, the machine leader, Senator Raines, announced that the public good demanded the passage of the measure which he had so strenuously opposed, and at his nod his followers unanimously approved and passed the bill which is to give the commonwealth the right to control all public utilities within the jurisdiction of the legislature. No satisfactory explanation of the machine's unconditional surrender has been made, and not even the warmest friends of President Roosevelt have ventured to attribute it to his ill-advised removal of certain federal appointees in New York state who were politically opposing the governor's course of action.

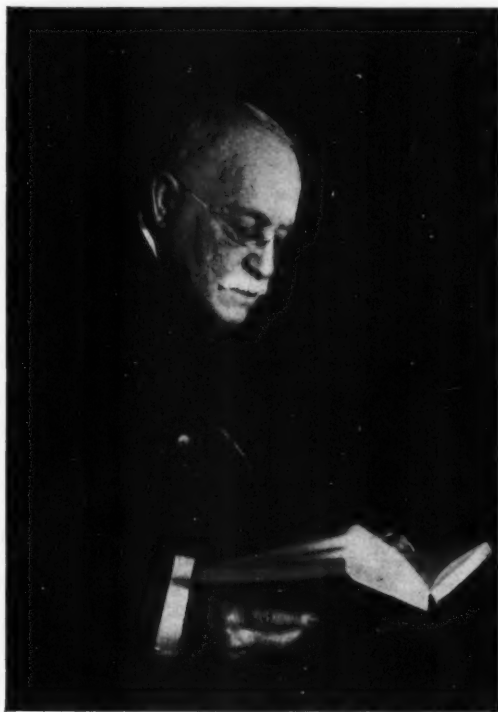
Equally unexpected and gratifying is the collapse of what promised to be the long-drawn-out defense of the arch-conspirator Ruef in the Pacific metropolis. It is likely, even in the face of the confessions of some of his tools, that Ruef might have delayed his trial for months and put the prosecution to enormous expense. His breakdown and confession will doubtless result in the conviction in short order of all the guilty men, high and low, and the establishment of an honest government for the much-tried city.

THE classic orators called themselves demagogues. In the time of Demosthenes a demagogue was a leader of the people. The dark ages, when the people had no rights, made the word a term of reproach and gave us a name by which to call those who ask for the abolition of privilege not yet obnoxious to us, and who appeal to a less well-to-do class of voters than those with whom we ourselves are affiliated. When Jefferson stood for absolute equality and the rule of the people, men like John Adams called him a demagogue. Adams was among the last of those who openly de-

nounced democracy as unsafe and argued for a strictly limited ballot and the vesting of power in the hands of the educated and "well-born." After the Monroe era it became fashionable to laud democracy, while upholding privilege in the concrete. So it was that Jackson was a demagogue for resisting the national bank privilege, and Garrison was a demagogue for denouncing the privilege of slavery. The men who placed the Australian ballot in the hands of the people were denounced, at first, as demagogues. A recent issue of a Washington newspaper calls the demand for the popular election of United States senators "a demagogue's demand." All the recent primary laws, intended to secure the freedom of party nominations from corporate domination, have been "demagogue" laws. The anti-pass and anti-lobby laws have been set down as the work of demagogues. The call for the initiative and referendum is heard by the plutocrats as the howl of the demagogue. Terms of obloquy, being unwisely used, have a way of becoming terms of praise. The institutions that stand between the people and perfect democracy must go. The world is set in the direction of giving real democracy a trial. It has tried everything else in government, and failed to discover the right way. The men most frequently called demagogues now are the men who are molding institutions in the direction of democracy.

THERE is a branch of metaphysical mathematics which speculates upon such problems as whether two straight lines, indefinitely extended in opposite directions, would ultimately meet at the other side of that conjectural infinity where parallels finally converge and where dispersive parabolic curves conjoin in an unthinkable ellipse. From present appearances Mr. William Dean Howells and Mr. Henry James

—Mr. Howells, who has so long and so delightfully demonstrated for us the wonderful simplicity of complex things; and Mr. James, who has led us, marveling but entranced, through the unguessed complexities of simple ones—are marching bravely toward some such antipodal reunion. What else, one is fain to ask, is to be the result if Mr. Howells goes on simplifying and Mr. James goes on complexifying indefinitely? Or will Mr. Howells "go out like a candle"? And Mr. James's writing, like an ingrowing sentence, involute into one compact and impenetrable spiral? Or are the defects of their qualities



Vander Weyde, photographer, 1907

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS AT SEVENTY

merely going to grow, and grow, until nothing remains but the quality of their defects?

The thought (so sacrilegiously unorthodox as almost to savor of the "higher criticism") is prompted by the conjunction of Mr. James's "The American Scene" and Mr. Howells' "Through the Eye of the Needle." In spite of the fact that each of these deals with the America of to-day, it would be hard to name two books more dis-

similar. Mr. James, after an absence of twenty-five years, revisited America, and "The American Scene" is supposed to be a record of his impressions. But it is nothing of the kind. It is a record of the greatest analytical spree Mr. James has permitted himself to enjoy in a quarter of a century. We are all of us conscious of so much of double personality that the *I* is wont to watch, and keep tab upon, and criticize the *Me* in the very act of acting or of thinking. But Mr. James is limited by no such elementary self-division. He did not come to size up America alone; he came in multiple, and in his book we are admitted to the family conclave. We are spectators of an amazing psychological byplay, in which a fourth Mr. James sardonically questions a third, who is keeping tab on a second, who is correcting the first, who is tabulating and sorting impressions of their common but unfamiliar native land! Mr. Howells, on the other hand, has described, with a matter-of-factness so perfect that it is perfectly matter of fact, the visit of a gentleman from "Altruria" to New York, where he meets several members of the plutocracy and marries an American wife. The second part of the work gives us, with an equal absence of inflection, this lady's impressions of "Altruria" upon her arrival there. This statement gives, of course, no hint of the delightful poise of Mr. Howells' manner, nor of the pregnant blandness of his characterizations. But since it sums up quite fully the impression which the story leaves upon the mind after a careful reading, it may convey some notion of the degree of pointlessness to which the whole affair has been refined.

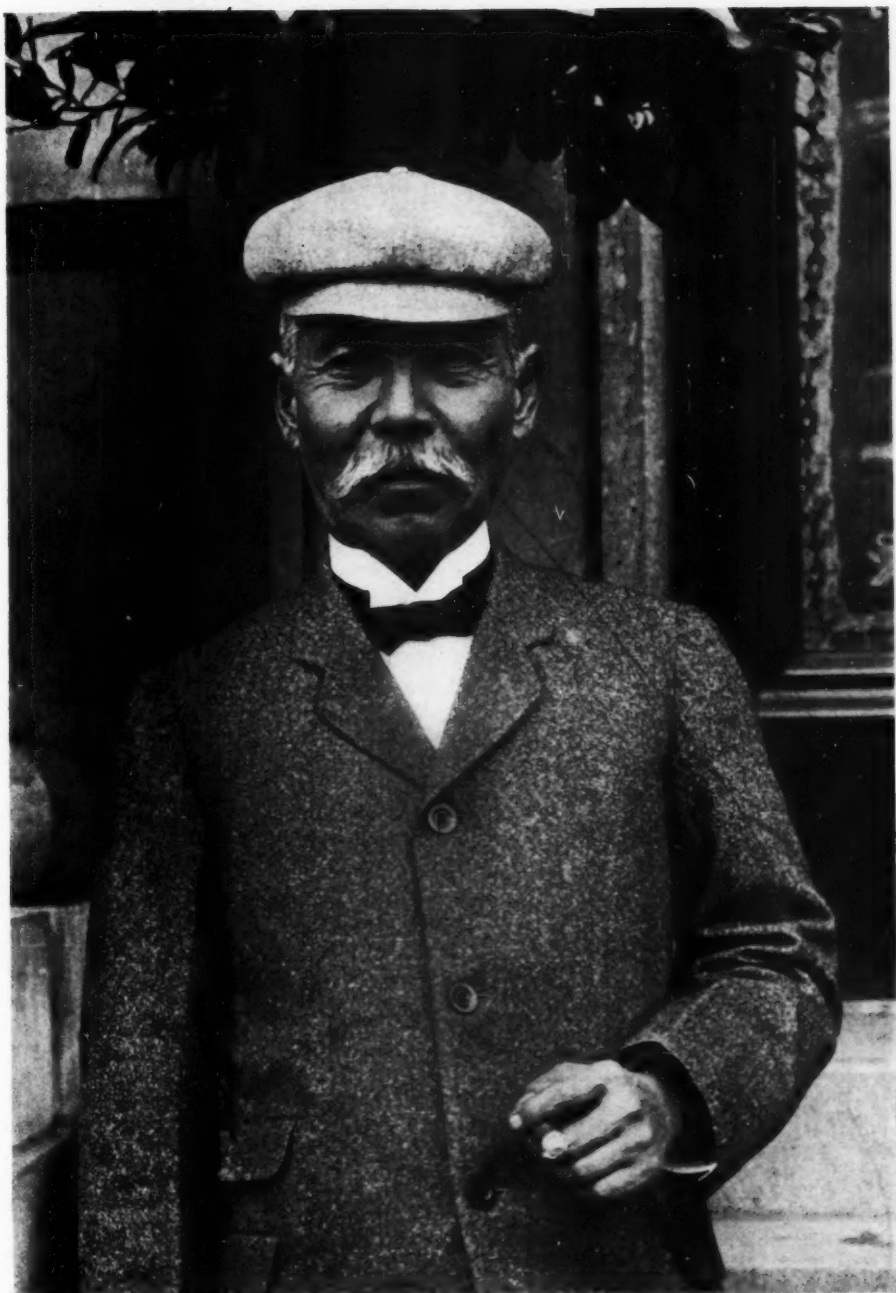
And here, exactly, we have the point at which, if our assumption is valid, Mr. James and Mr. Howells seem likely to encounter. One of these books is an analysis, the other is a satire. One of them is suavely expansive, the other is hypercritically introspective. Each is supremely, even exaggeratedly, typical of its author. Yet each, by just this exaggeration of their respective and apparently divergent methods, has achieved an identical impalpability.

"THE reclaimable area of swamp lands which are in their present state worthless is known to be greater than the areas which will be reclaimed by irrigation." This

is the surprising report submitted to the president by Commissioner of Corporations Smith, and this interesting fact is one of the many considered by the Inland Waterways Commission which recently met in Washington. The prime purpose for the meeting of the commission was the preservation of the waterways. Co-operation between federal, state and municipal governments is recommended in the matter of clarifying the water of rivers. The economy to the government and to private persons in clarifying those rivers whose caprice and cruelty have, year after year, caused loss of life and property is now becoming plain to engineers. The commission deprecates the destruction of water traffic, and looks to the influencing of the legislature in the granting of rights and privileges to water transportation companies. The water power is also to be utilized for electric plants. The unrestricted grazing of cattle on the banks of rivers is to be checked; the relation of the water courses to the preservation of forests is another department of the commission's activities, and, above all, the restraining of the waters of the Western rivers is to be considered. The work outlined in this last connection alone will involve the expenditure of forty million dollars up to the calendar year 1909.

But one of the most important announcements in the reports made before the commission is "that in the Mississippi valley are many millions of acres of land which in their present state are practically worthless, but which, if reclaimed by a comprehensive system of drainage, would become of immense value for agricultural purposes and would afford homes for hundreds of thousands. The cost of reclaiming overflowed lands would not prove an excessive burden upon landowners."

Only those who have seen the evidences of what these rich silt lands by the Mississippi will produce can appreciate the importance of reclaiming them. They are capable of two or three full crops a year. All that is needed is to master the Mississippi!—a gigantic, but not an impossible task. Indeed, it is a task which the government engineers mean to perform without delay. The serious inundations of farms below New Orleans this past year—farms not exceeded for richness in the country—struck the final note of warning.

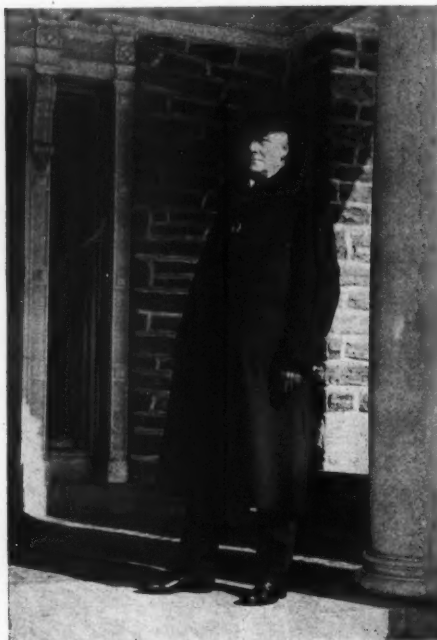


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GENERAL KUROKI

The diminutive hero of two of Japan's wars, who has been receiving rousing receptions in our cities

DR. John Watson, better known as "Ian Maclaren," died far from his English home, May sixth, at Mount Pleasant, Iowa; but—though so far from home—among friends and surrounded with sympathy. He



THE LATE DR. JOHN WATSON ("Ian Maclaren")

A photograph of Dr. Watson on the veranda of Professor Goldwin Smith's home in Ottawa, Canada, taken shortly before his death

had, indeed, endeared himself to the American people. As the author of that too lacrimose yet lovable book, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," he first became known to them. Since that signal success almost every year has seen a book from the pen of this industrious clergyman, who, as is so often the case with English writers who achieve American success, followed up his bookmaking with lecture tours in this country.

He was really the leader in what has come to be known, somewhat derisively, as "The Kailyard School of Fiction," but though his themes and his style were Scotch, and though he reveled in that sentimentalism which is supposed to suit the taste of Scotchmen of the middle class, as a matter of fact he was born at Norningtree, Essex, in 1850. He

completed his education, however, at the Edinburgh University and in Germany, and for twenty-five consecutive years was pastor of the Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool. His fame as a preacher had preceded his first book even to America, and the fact that so eminent a clergyman was the author of the "Bonnie Brier Bush" helped to give it that fixed favor which it still enjoys among readers who are lovers of sentiment, simplicity and piety.

The names of Stevenson, Barry, Crockett and others are associated with his, but none of these was really of his breed. Stevenson had the pagan outlook, though he held the Christian formula, and he was an artist of distinction, even if he did not attain the altitude to which his talents entitled him. Barry, though more given to winsomeness, sentimentality and what may be termed the cheek-by-jowl attitude of mind, has proved himself a literary artist of enduring quality, although, of course, not comparably to Stevenson. Crockett has more love of adventure than Maclaren, but is, notwithstanding, a brother-fictionist in many ways. Ralph Connor might be said, more than any other, to be the distinct disciple of Doctor Watson.

A good man and true, one full of kindness and religion, has passed to his reward. It will not be meager, we may all hope and believe.

THE ignorance of the upper classes has always been the greatest danger in every nation. It is seldom that unprivileged ignorance mounts to power. The unprivileged must become instructed before they can win control, and their education must keep pace with their rise to influence. Therefore the ignorance of the lower classes is less to be feared for many reasons than that of those smug, choleric, prideful people who really rule. It is sad to read such uncomprehending and merely querulous protest against the present state of the public mind as that which, falling from the lips of James M. Beck, recently aroused to frenzied enthusiasm a convention of New Jersey bankers. In the name of shrunken values in stocks Mr. Beck protested against the "hero-worship" which makes Roosevelt and Bryan so potent. He spoke of the prevalent "unrest" as "anarchistic," and mourned the bitter hatred which he finds over all the land for those

who possess property. This is the sheerest ignorance and fatuity. There is a disposition to question the origins of swollen fortunes, and to find out whether they arise from the productive energies of those who own them, or from their power to take the output of other men's productive energies without rendering a return. This is in no spirit of hate; and so far as it shows unrest, it is the same sort of unrest that a banker feels when he has reason to think that his bookkeeper is robbing him by false entries, or that a yegg-man is at work on the safe. As for anarchy, the word means simply absence of law and rule. The protest voiced by such men as Mr. Beck is against rule. Roosevelt and Bryan plead for more law and more method. If Mr. Beck means any more offensive signification of the word "anarchy" than its philological one, he makes a charge against American public sentiment which is beneath contempt.

WISCONSIN has chosen as senator, in the place of Robert LaFollette, Isaac Stephenson, a man who, while professing to be a follower and fellow-soldier of that implacable fighter, is, we believe, of different fiber. Like LaFollette, he is a devoted citizen of Wisconsin, and, like him, he served some time in the lower house of Congress before being elevated to the upper; but, unlike him, he is a very wealthy man, all of whose material interests are bound up in a strongly protected industry.

Mr. Stephenson has at times evinced a lively interest in the politics of his state, but he has never shown great claim to be called a statesman, and it is believed by many that his espousal of the LaFollette cause was due quite as much to his personal hatred for the political opponents of LaFollette as to his devotion to the principles for which LaFollette stands.

If this belief is wrong, and we hope it is, Mr. Stephenson will have an opportunity to show in the senate how far he is willing to go in the fight to curb the monopolies which his leader has so gallantly conducted.

THE marriage of young James Carew and elderly Ellen Terry has made a great furore, and folk have been protesting against its unwisdom. But all this is superfluous. When was Ellen Terry ever wise?

Wisdom, forsooth, is not her rôle. She has moved by impulse, gone where she willed, free as an eagle in the sky, as reckless of storms, as unconcerned about consequences. She has not cared about public opinion. She has had pleasure in the hour, devoting it now to art, now to love, now to travel, now to books, now to eating, drinking and making merry, now to a pretty feint at serious living. She is the histrionic artist, feeding on applause, happier in simulation than in reality, rejoicing in the devotion of continents, and knowing the converse of great men. For two generations she has given delight to vast audiences. The curious witchery of her smile, her casual elocution, so artful in its naturalness, the lithe body, suggesting rather than achieving beauty, the passionate eyes, capable of so much whimsicality, have been wrought into the frame of our artistic thought. Her face moves us



ELLEN TERRY

as the face of Modjeska always has done, like a strain of music. She is no more to be defined or regulated than the wind that blows over plains, bursting blossoms and filling the waste with fairy trumpet calls. Now,

venerable, yet not venerated—for who shall venerate wild Maeve or Miriam the witch or some goddess of a pagan spring—she snatches one more cup of joy, holding it to lips never yet satiate of beauty and delight! May the draught be sweet if brief! For her, the unruled, the rules of us who pace soberly—walking quietly all our days—will not hold. For us caution, propriety, convention, responsibility, the grave accounting to our consciences. For her, the wild drink of the demigods, fallen upon their twilight, but still elate with godhead. She is a pagan thing, and in paying her the debt of gratitude we owe for all her entertainment, we must not fetter her with our ethical rules. She is a linguist, but she does not speak that tongue. Ethics has a language which she had never the patience to learn.

IT was Mr. Dooley who first called attention to the fact that there is no race suicide "on the Ar-rchey Road." Doctor Cronin, of New York, seeing the effects of large families in those portions of New York which correspond to Mr. Dooley's Archey Road, expressed the opinion that those who believe we, as a nation, should have larger families are mistaken. For saying this he was attacked by the president in his capacity of *pater patriæ* with great energy and some ferocity. He is accused of not having "even rudimentary intelligence and morality," and of saying things which he should have known were "simply not true." Doctor Cronin was unfortunately the butterfly to be crushed or the gnat to be brained by the club of Hercules, which the president wields with such impartial destructiveness. Mr. Grant Allen says, in "Nature's Workshop": "You could hardly find a better rough test of development in the animal (or vegetable) world than the number of young produced and the care bestowed upon them. The fewer the offspring the higher the type. Large broods mean low organization; small broods imply higher types and more care in the nurture and education of the offspring. . . . Savages, as a rule, produce enormous families; but then, the infant mortality is proportionally great. Among civilized races families are smaller, and deaths in infancy are far less numerous. . . . The goal toward which humanity is slowly mov-

ing would thus seem to be one where families in most cases will be relatively small—perhaps not more, on an average, than three to a household." Grant Allen spoke as a scientist, and voiced the best scientific opinion. If we are to believe the current political economy, increase in population brings poverty and the industrial stress which tends to discourage large families. Most people who think at all in the premises will hold with Doctor Cronin that it is quality rather than numbers that counts.

IT is to be feared that the Peace Conference which met in New York a short time ago was more interesting than fruitful. After the speeches were over and the applause had died away, when the distinguished foreigners had sailed and the native philanthropists had returned to their homes, it appeared that the resolutions drafted and adopted have been milder than peace itself and as meaningless as caution and policy could make them. But while some persons have felt discouragement, it may be suggested that a peace conference could hardly draft belligerent resolutions; and also that resolutions are somewhat obsolete and represent the decaying town-meeting habit rather than a working force. Resolutions are a source of satisfaction to the persons subscribing to them, but they are, after all, not of much interest to anybody else. They are a sort of safety valve for overcharged emotions—nothing more. Peace, like morality, is a sentiment. It must increase by means of spiritual understanding. The economists may talk and the statesmen advise, but, after all, peace walks its humble way, reaching us through quiet paths, and abiding within the heart. The large sense of brotherhood, the temperamental aversion to war, the abounding good will toward all men living, are the result of large religious sentiments. And peace conferences are valuable because they help those who have not yet discovered the beauty and utility of such thoughts to understand them. Peace can not be militant. It must make a gentle propaganda. It is a spiritual development. Men grow into it. Many individual peacemakers will eventually make a nation of peacekeepers. Peace represents high evolution. We are growing toward it—and every peace conference helps on the growth.



MISS JANE ADDAMS

Leader of settlement work in Chicago; author of a recent and noteworthy volume entitled "Newer Ideals of Peace"

THERE is a very interesting political situation in Ohio. Honorable William H. Taft, secretary of war, a citizen of that state, is a candidate for the presidency. He is understood to have the earnest support of President Roosevelt, and in addition he has a large personal following. Honorable Joseph B. Foraker, Ohio's brilliant senator, has also been mentioned as a candidate. There is an individual antagonism between the two, not so much on account of their conflicting personal political ambitions, as because Secretary Taft is the right-hand man of the president, while Senator Foraker is the president's most strenuous opponent. In no state is there more earnest or independent political discussion than in Ohio. The people of the state take a great deal of interest in public affairs, and the very soil seems to create men who have a genius for statesmanship. Both Secretary Taft and Mr. Foraker have very stalwart advocates. At the present writing it seems evident that Secretary Taft is reasonably certain of a solid delegation from his state for the national Republican convention next year, but he and his friends realize that his prospects are not free from serious danger of a fire in the rear unless he has Senator Foraker's support. The latter, not having any prospect of receiving the support of his state for the presidency, is now considering his prospects for

the senatorship. His present term expires March 4, 1909, and the legislature next year will name his successor. When McKinley was a candidate for the presidency there was a certain amount of repulsion between him and Mr. Foraker, and the relations between them were never cordial. A compromise was, however, made, under the terms of which McKinley was to be supported for the

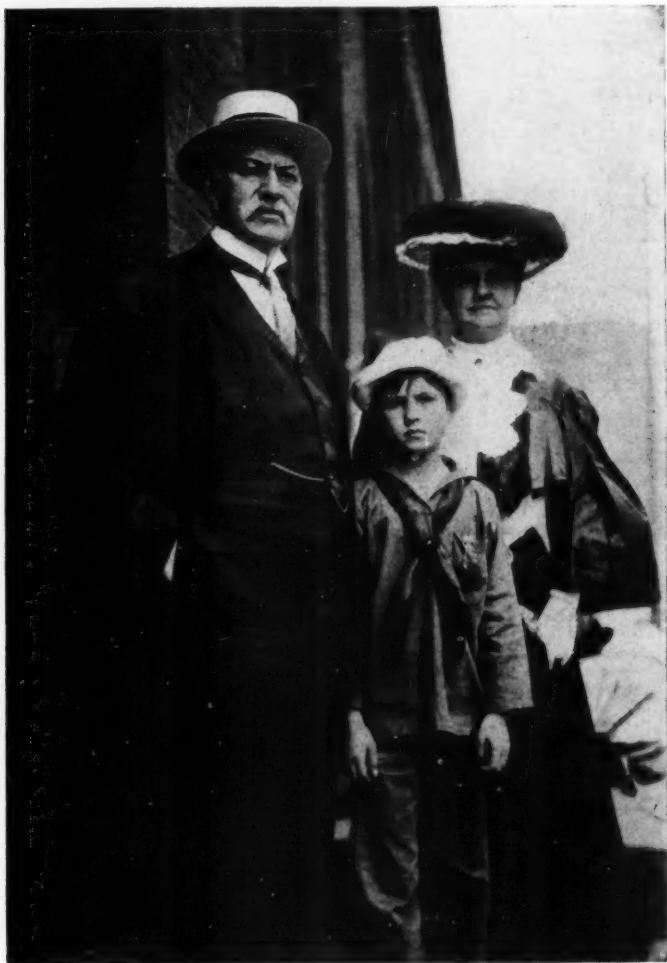
presidency and Foraker for the senatorship. Such a compromise would seem a very natural adjustment of present difficulties. It would no doubt give Secretary Taft prestige in other states. But the present indications are that an arrangement of this nature will be impossible. While there is the most friendly personal feeling between Taft and Foraker, they represent different ideas and policies. Again, Foraker is a man of extreme sensitiveness, and in view of his prominence in Ohio politics for nearly a quarter of a century, his acknowledgment as a leader by thousands of friends, it is not probable that he



Photograph by J. R. Schmidt, Cincinnati

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, SECRETARY OF WAR
He is said to be Roosevelt's choice for President

looks with favor upon the promotion to the presidency of a man to whom he gave a start in political life by appointing him to a judgeship. There is at present a very strong feeling against Foraker in Ohio, partly because of his attitude toward the president, and partly by reason of his attitude on the railway rate bill. On the other hand, although Secretary Taft made enemies by his Akron



Photograph by J. R. Schmidt, Cincinnati

SENATOR JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER WITH HIS WIFE AND YOUNGEST SON

"It is not of the slightest importance what Longworth says about the situation in Ohio. I have no time to waste upon him."

speech in 1905, it is now recognized that he acted courageously on that occasion, and he has the cordial support of the great majority of Ohio Republicans.

Just what will happen in Ohio it is im-

possible at present to foresee, but it is evident the developments there will be of more than passing interest and will have a very considerable bearing upon the selection of a Republican standard bearer next year.



TOMMY

TOMMY

Tommy (swaggeringly)—D'ye smoke yit?
Bobby (timidly)—N-o.
"Chew?"
"No."
"Lie?"
"No."
"Ner swear?"
"No."
"Well," contemptuously, "don't you ever expect to be a man?"

HER OWN EYES GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM

A little Scotch boy's grandmother was packing his luncheon for him to take to school one morning. Suddenly looking up in the old lady's face, he said:
"Grandmother, does yer specs magnify?"
"A little, my child," she answered.
"Aweel, then," said the boy, "I wad juist like it if ye wad tak' them aff when ye're packin' my loonch."

STILL A BOY

By FRANK BATES FLANNER

"Still a boy" we heard one say
To another, half in jest.
Then fun-wrinkles joined in play
With a laugh of merry zest;
And the jolly frame of him
Shook with bursts of sheerest joy
As he answered back with vim,
"Well, I'm glad I'm still a boy!"

Still a boy—aye, true enough—
Glad, yet gentle; pure and kind;
Molded sure of manly stuff—
Kind of boy it's hard to find.
Kind of boy it's good to see—
Man-boy, wholesome; simple; true—
Kind of boy you'd like to be
If the choice were left to you.

Still a boy—how many now
Have forgot the solemn eye—
Have forgot the wrinkled brow
Is the boy's that once came by?
Call him back—it is his due;
Let him come with youth and joy
Back into the heart of you,
Laughingly, and still a boy.

Still a boy—ah, well-a-day,
Boys are scarce enough at best.
With the rippling roundelay
Let the boy still be your guest;
Let him cleave unto your heart
In boy-confidence and hold—
Still a boy—the man apart,
Long, long after he is old.

